

witzend



Bush '77

witzend

fantasy issue

editor
publisher } bill person
designer



Another 'years in the making' issue of **witzend**. #12 ©1982 by William E. Pearson, Box 13, Derby, CT 06418. Contents ©1982 by the contributors. Inside cover illustrations by Jerry Bingham. Editorial illustration by Mike Zeck. Printed by the Evans Printing Company, Concord, NH 03301 in an edition of 5000 copies. \$3.50 per copy.

random words, random pictures, arbitrarily arranged...

editorial

by Bill Pearson

The clone of Humphrey Bogart looked in the window at the magazine, and wondered what foreign country it came from, and why the painting of the man on the cover looked so much like himself.

It was dusk, and a slight drizzle was turning into a shower, so he walked into the store.

A voice cried out "watch your step!" just in time, or he'd have missed the two steps down in the dim light of the cluttered room.

A genial middle-aged fellow in casual attire greeted him anonymously from a corner, where he was shuffling stacks of comic books from one place to another.

"I've been lucky so far, but someday somebody will trip on those stairs and sue me. Most of my customers are kids, and they're always falling over themselves in here, but they don't sue. Only adults sue. Anything in particular you're interested in?"

It was just a tiny little store, in a crummy part of town, selling comic books to kids.

"I'd like to see that foreign magazine in the window."

"Foreign? Oh, you mean WITZEND? That's not foreign.

"What's it about?"

"Comics for adults. Not adults only, just adults. It came before Heavy Metal. It even came before Zap."

The clone of Humphrey Bogart didn't have the faintest idea what the man was talking about. The man handed him the magazine and went back to stacking his comic books. He had not noticed any resemblance between the Witzend cover and his nondescript customer, even though they were both the same man. They were even of approximately the same age, and similarly dressed, and with identical sad expressions.

But the clone of Humphrey Bogart was not playing a part. He had never remotely suspected that he was Humphrey Bogart. His mother hadn't known that her child had been artificially created and implanted in her womb over forty years before, and the doctor who performed the illegal operation had long since carried his secret to the grave.

Even if the replica had sustained the same freak accident that gave the original Bogart a cleft lip and his distinctive voice, his inner life was completely different. They were not the same person.

It did not occur to the clone of Humphrey Bogart that he should be anything else but what he was ... a factory worker with a family and all the common hassles of day-to-day life.

He flipped through the magazine, looking for some reference to the picture on the cover, but could not find it. There were only page after page of meaningless comics, in various styles, which might as well have been in Chinese for all the sense he could make of them.

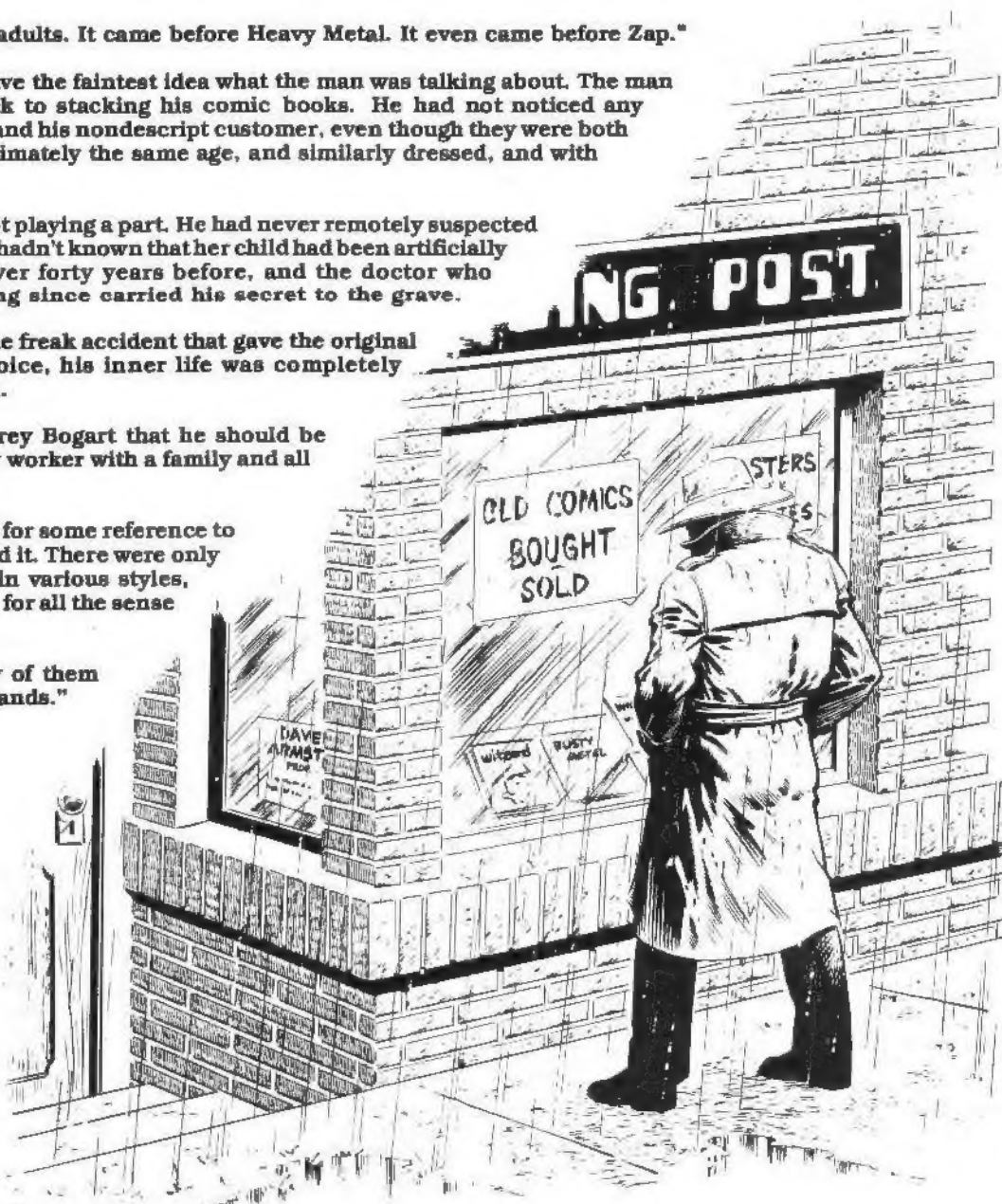
"That's a very rare magazine. Not many of them printed. Can't find 'em on regular newsstands."

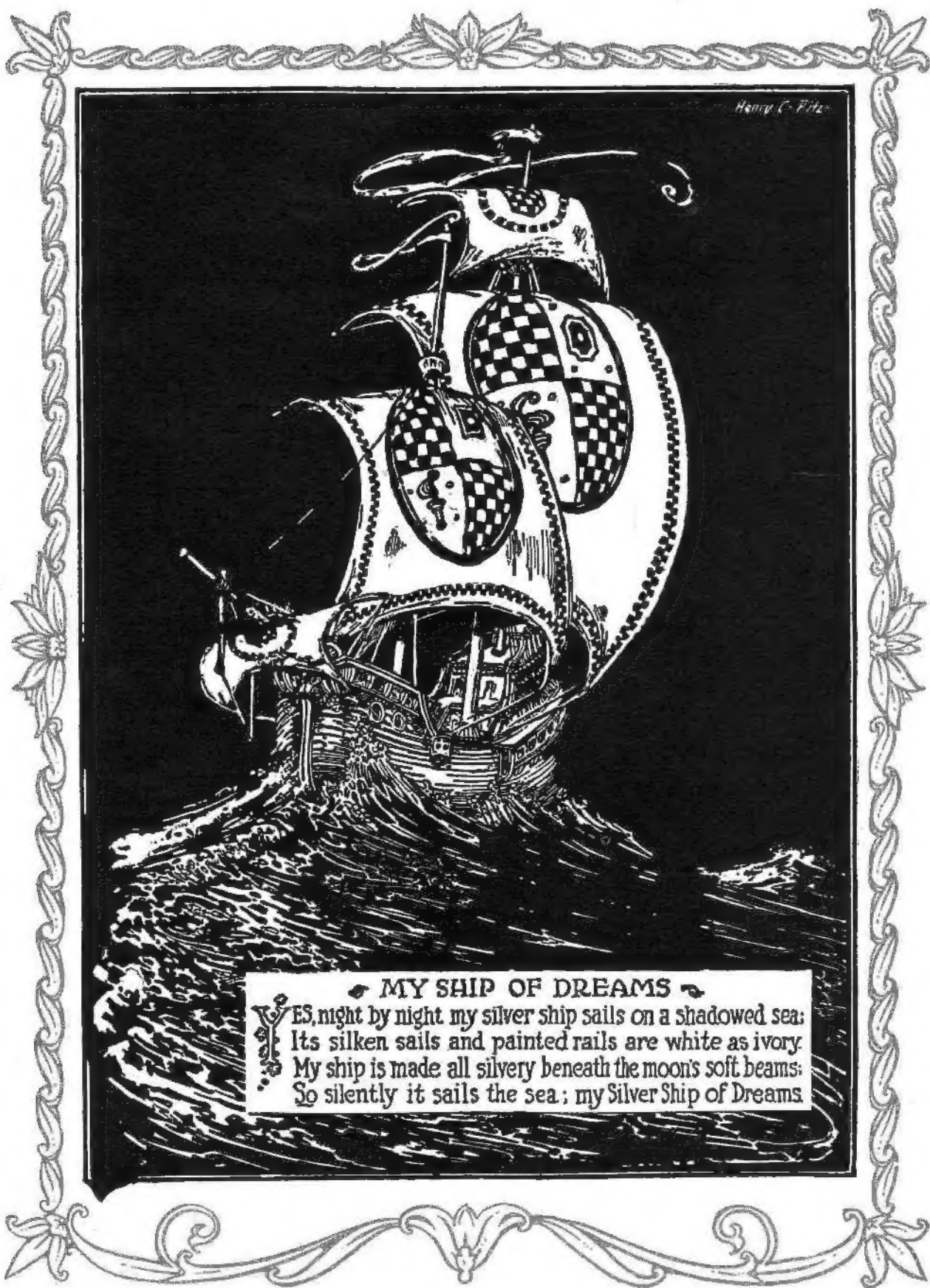
"How much is it?"

"Three dollars and fifty cents."

"Three fifty!" That was a lot of money to the clone of Humphrey Bogart! It was still raining, but he put down the curious publication without reading the editorial, and left the store without another word to the proprietor, busy stacking his comic books.

"That fellow's face was familiar," the man thought to himself, as he returned the magazine to its place on display in the window, but he soon forgot to wonder about it anymore, and went on about his own affairs.





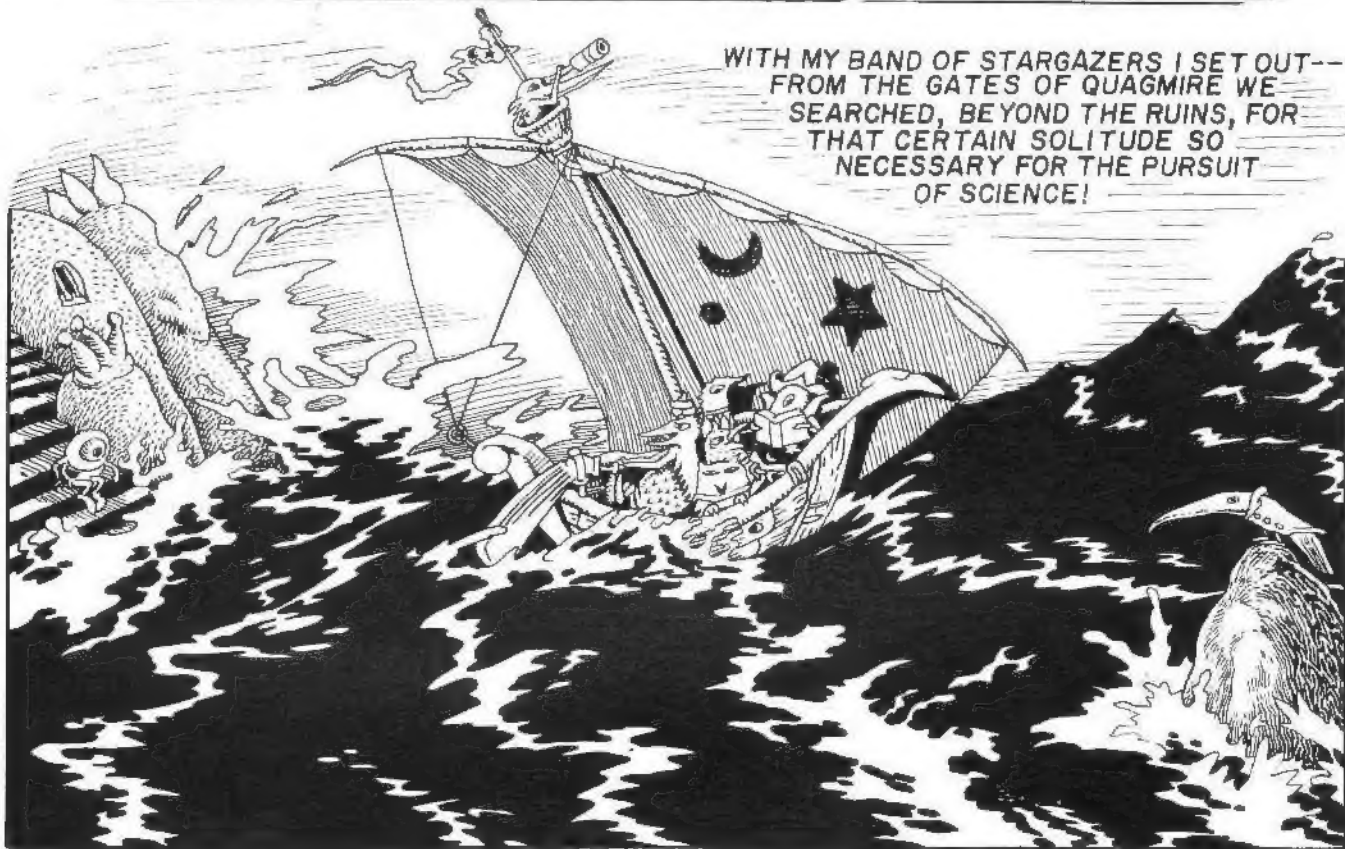
• MY SHIP OF DREAMS •

YES, night by night my silver ship sails on a shadowed sea:
Its silken sails and painted rails are white as ivory.
My ship is made all silvery beneath the moon's soft beams:
So silently it sails the sea; my Silver Ship of Dreams.

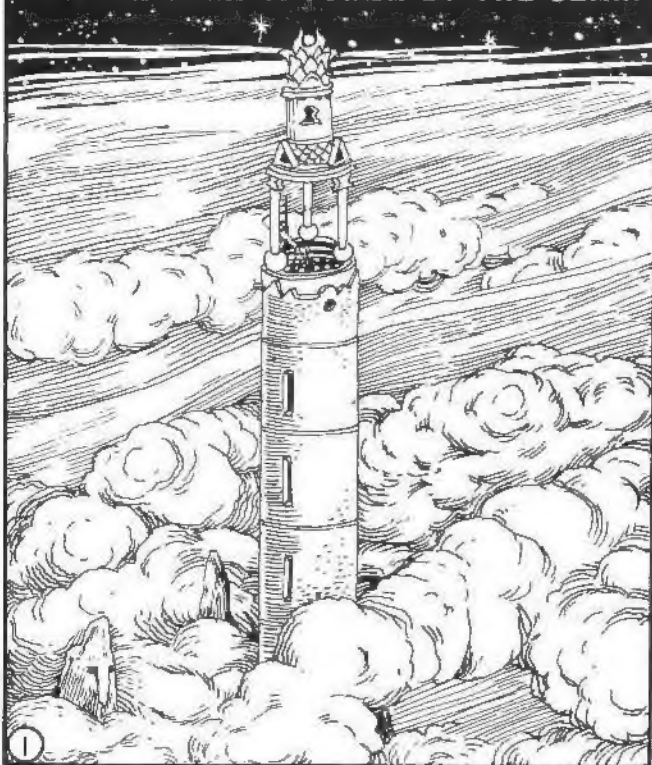
ONCE CAME A TIME WHEN THE BIRDS FORGOT HOW TO FLY...

Stargazer

WITH MY BAND OF STARGAZERS I SET OUT--
FROM THE GATES OF QUAGMIRE WE
SEARCHED, BEYOND THE RUINS, FOR
THAT CERTAIN SOLITUDE SO
NECESSARY FOR THE PURSUIT
OF SCIENCE!



AND WE BUILT A TOWER BY THE SEA...



THUS BEGAN LONG NIGHTS AND DREAMLESS
DAYS CHARTING THE HEAVENS AND OBSERV-
ING THE STAR-DANCE! VAST WERE THE
POWERS OF OUR RAYS AND LENSES--
SO FABULOUS OUR VISION AND
SPECULATIONS!



IT WAS IN THE TENTH
MONTH I SAW HIM, FLYING
IN THE MOONLIGHT...

THIS WAS NO DREAM! I KNEW
INSTANTLY THAT HE WAS THE
LEGENDARY PURPLE GOBBLER!
HE—WHO—FLIES!

I BECAME OBSESSED WITH
THE ANCIENT MYTH THAT BIRDS
ONCE FLEW, IN THE FORGOT-
TEN TIME OF OLD PROME WHEN
THE SPELL OF REGRET DID NOT
HOVER OVER THE LAND!

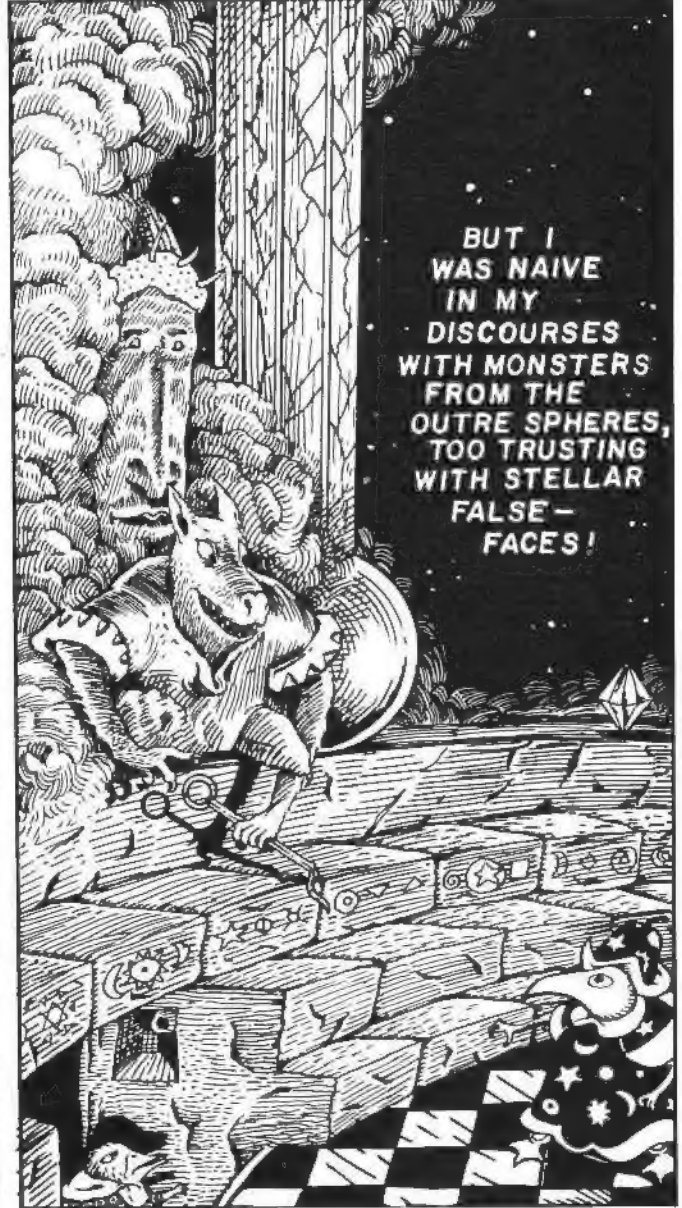


IMMERSING MYSELF IN
FORBIDDEN MANUSCRIPTS
AND OBSCURE MATHEMATICAL
FORMULAE, I VOWED TO BUILD
A DOORWAY TO THOSE WHO
FLEW BETWEEN THE SPACES
AND BARGAIN WITH THEM
FOR THEIR SECRETS
OF FLIGHT!



MY COLLEAGUES
COULD NOT DISSUADE
ME FROM THESE
FUTILE AND FATAL
PURSUITS—

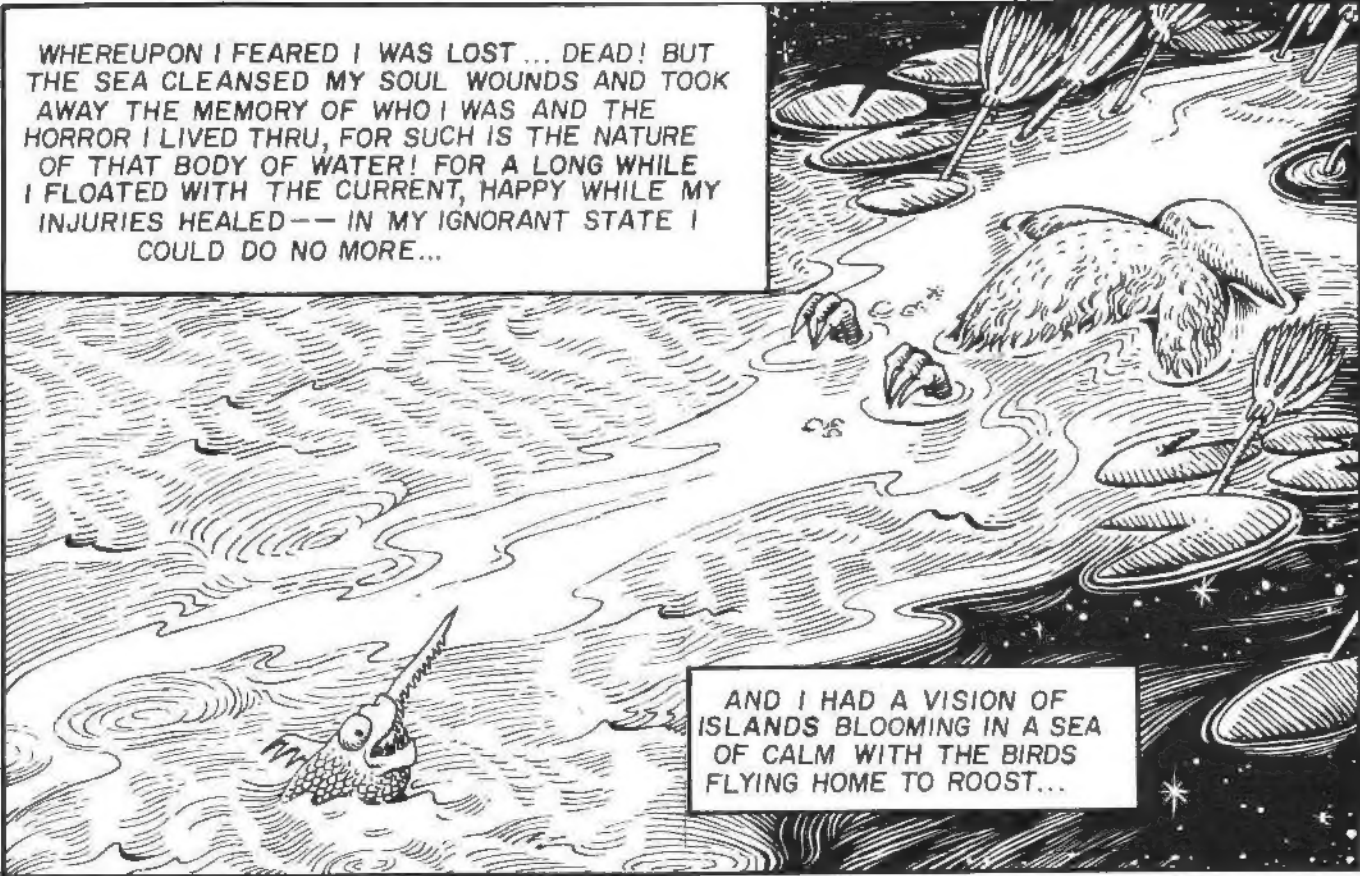
BUT I
WAS NAIVE
IN MY
DISCOURSES
WITH MONSTERS
FROM THE
OUTRE SPHERES,
TOO TRUSTING
WITH STELLAR
FALSE-
FACES!



AND WHEN BY MOONLIGHT THEY ASSAILED THE TOWER
FOR OUR CRYSTAL KNOWLEDGE WE WERE WITHOUT
PROTECTION SAVE FOR BEAK AND CLAW-- AND THOSE
WHO WERE SO DEAR TO ME, NEVERMORE SHALL I SEE
THEM-- OUR BLOOD MINGLED ON THE TOWER FLOOR
AND I WAS TAKEN...



WHEREUPON I FEARED I WAS LOST ... DEAD! BUT THE SEA CLEANSED MY SOUL WOUNDS AND TOOK AWAY THE MEMORY OF WHO I WAS AND THE HORROR I LIVED THRU, FOR SUCH IS THE NATURE OF THAT BODY OF WATER! FOR A LONG WHILE I FLOATED WITH THE CURRENT, HAPPY WHILE MY INJURIES HEALED-- IN MY IGNORANT STATE I COULD DO NO MORE...

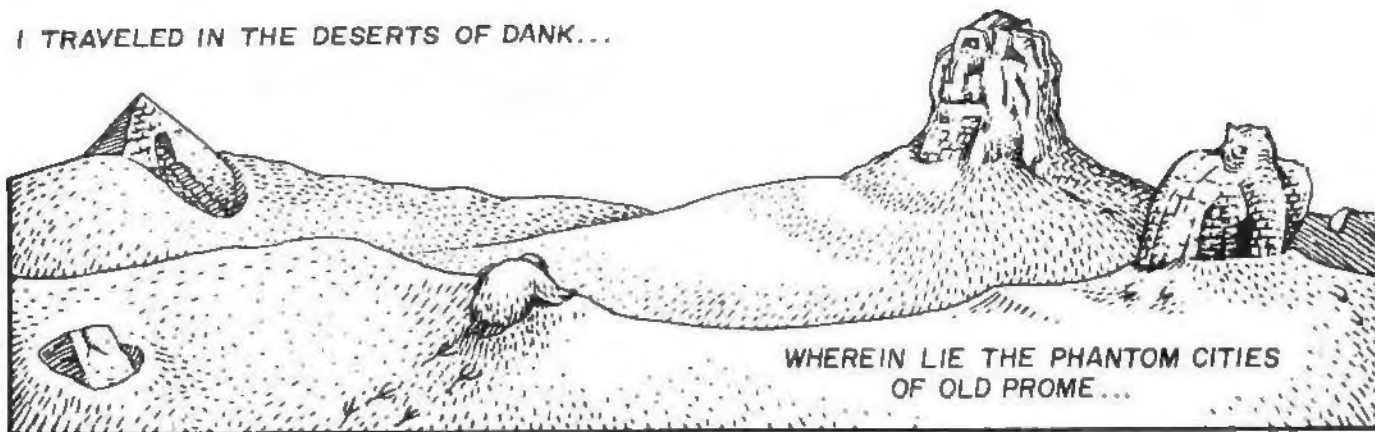


AND I HAD A VISION OF ISLANDS BLOOMING IN A SEA OF CALM WITH THE BIRDS FLYING HOME TO ROOST...



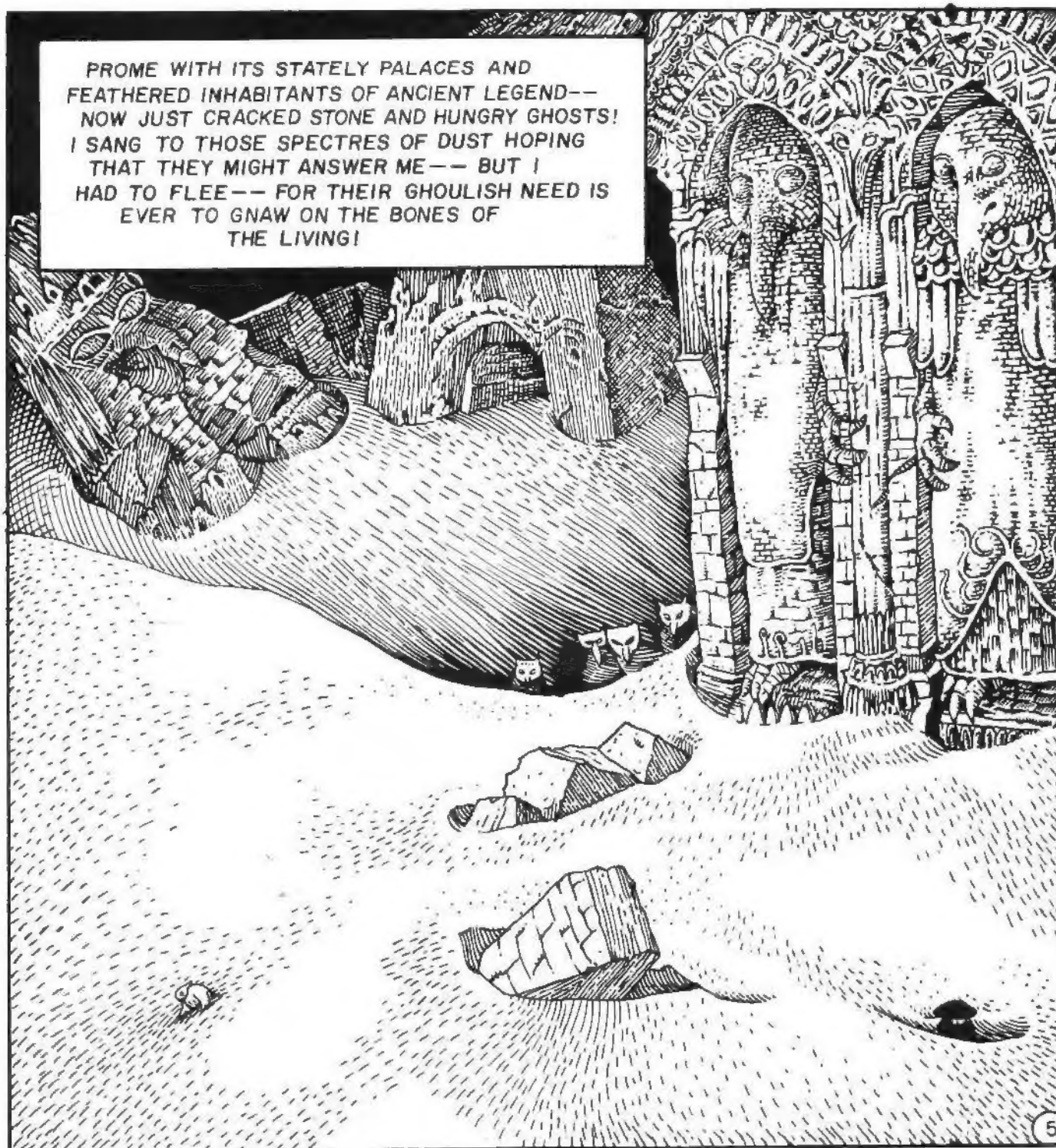
IN TIME I DRIFTED TO THE SHORE OF THE TWO-FACED WASTE, OBSCURE LANDS WHERE REGRET HAS TAKEN ITS STRONGEST STAND! I CRAWLED ONTO ITS GRITTY BEACH AND SANG TO THAT SWAMP THE ANCIENT SONG OF ALL WHO SWIM IN THE OCEAN OF FINE REGRET-- "SHOW ME THE WAY BACK HOME!"

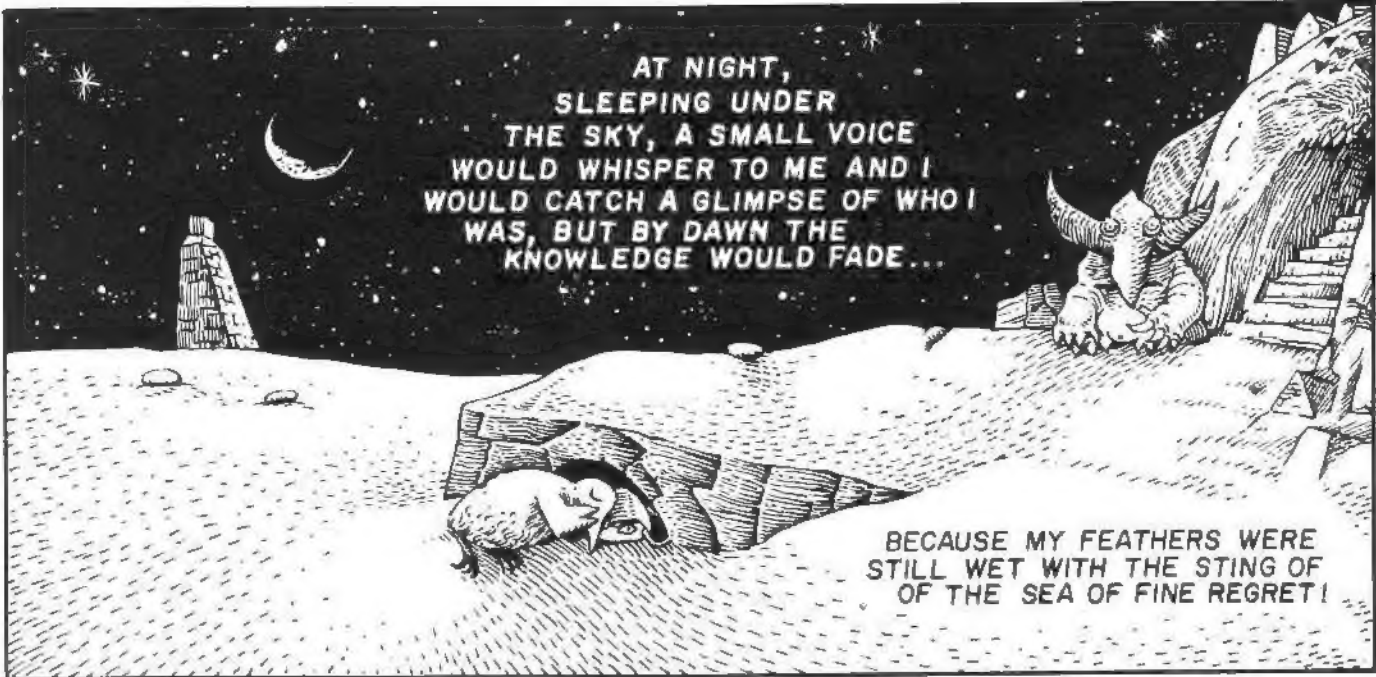
I TRAVELED IN THE DESERTS OF DANK...



WHEREIN LIE THE PHANTOM CITIES
OF OLD PROME...

PROME WITH ITS STATELY PALACES AND
FEATHERED INHABITANTS OF ANCIENT LEGEND--
NOW JUST CRACKED STONE AND HUNGRY GHOSTS!
I SANG TO THOSE SPECTRES OF DUST HOPING
THAT THEY MIGHT ANSWER ME-- BUT I
HAD TO FLEE-- FOR THEIR GHOULISH NEED IS
EVER TO GNAW ON THE BONES OF
THE LIVING!





AT NIGHT,
SLEEPING UNDER
THE SKY, A SMALL VOICE
WOULD WHISPER TO ME AND I
WOULD CATCH A GLIMPSE OF WHO I
WAS, BUT BY DAWN THE
KNOWLEDGE WOULD FADE...

BECAUSE MY FEATHERS WERE
STILL WET WITH THE STING OF
OF THE SEA OF FINE REGRET!



MY JOURNEY LED
THROUGH FORESTS
ABLAZE WITH THE
FIRE OF INCANESCENT
BLISS! STRANGE
INQUIGULOUS GROWTH!



...ASCENDING MOUNTAIN PASSES
I GREW CYNICAL AND A BLINDING
MADNESS ENTERED MY BRAIN
IN THOSE FROZEN HEIGHTS—
NONE KNEW THE ANSWER I
HAD NEED OF!

BUT EACH DAWN THE VOICE WOULD
WHISPER IN MY DISPAIR AND I WOULD CONTINUE
THE QUEST !



THEN, AFTER YEARS OF WANDERING AND
COLLECTING HALF-TRUTHS...





...I CAME AT LAST TO THE
METALOID TEMPLE OF THE
FALSE-GOD FEIGN!



CAUTIOUSLY I
APPROACHED—
FOR THIS WAS
A LIVING GOD,
CHAINED FOR
AN ETERNITY
FOR SOME
UNMENTIONABLE
CRIME!



WOULD HE HEAR
MY PLEA? COULD MY
INSIGNIFICANT PLIGHT
POSSIBLY MATTER
TO HIM?



BEFORE THAT
BRONZE IMAGE I
SANG MY SONG WITH
ALL THE FEELING
AND SKILL OF
EXPERIENCE...



FEIGN RESPONDED
LIKE NEVER BEFORE, OR
SINCE, WITH LARGE MOLTEN
TEARS THAT DRIPPED DOWN
ONTO HIS ALTAR!
FIERCE WERE THESE
BLAZING TEARS BUT I
CONTINUED THE SONG!

THE HEAT WAS SUCH THAT
IT BURNED DEEP WITHIN ME,
DRYING EVEN THE WATERS
OF THE SEA OF FINE
REGRET!



THUS DID I REGAIN THE
MEMORY OF WHO I WAS AND
THE DESIRE TO FREE MY
TOWER HOME FROM THOSE
INFECTIOUS NOXIOUS
HORRORS!
IN SEARING PAIN MY WINGS
TOOK SHAPE!



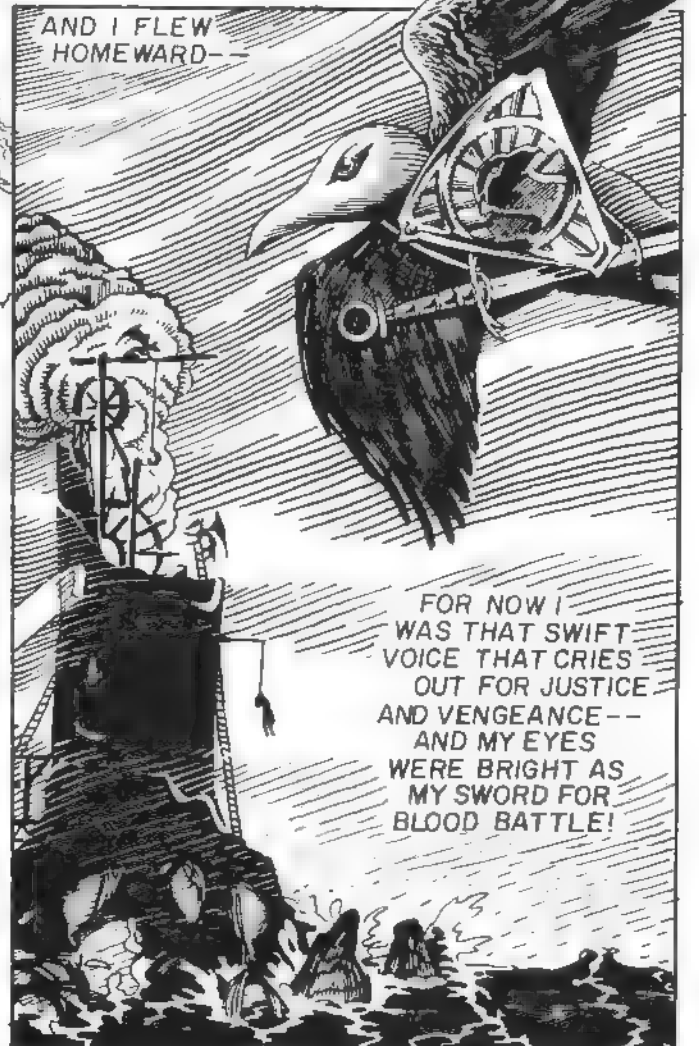
I BECAME THE BIRD OF PREY!



FROM THOSE
METAL TEARS I FASHIONED
A GREAT SWORD AND SHIELD,
THEN HAD THEM BLESSED BY THE
DECIETFUL PRIESTS OF FEIGN WITH
LIES AND SHARP CRITICISM!



AND I FLEW
HOMeward--



FOR NOW I
WAS THAT SWIFT
VOICE THAT CRIES
OUT FOR JUSTICE
AND VENGEANCE--
AND MY EYES
WERE BRIGHT AS
MY SWORD FOR
BLOOD BATTLE!

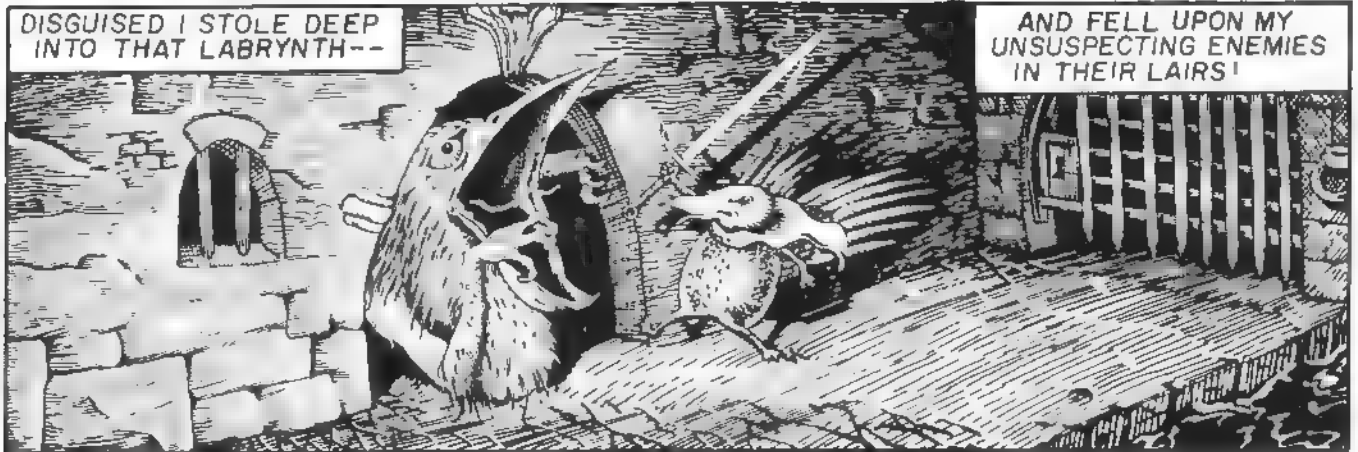


THAT NIGHT I SLEW
MANY OF THAT VILE AND
SLIMY HORDE -- FOR
THEY WERE NO MATCH
AGAINST THE MOLTEN
SWORD OF FIEGN!

BUT I COULD NOT RETAKE THE TOWER IN THE
FIRST ONSLAUGHT -- THERE SEEMED NO
END TO THAT DEMON HOST...



DISGUISED I STOLE DEEP
INTO THAT LABRYNTH--



AND FELL UPON MY
UNSUSPECTING ENEMIES
IN THEIR LAIRS!



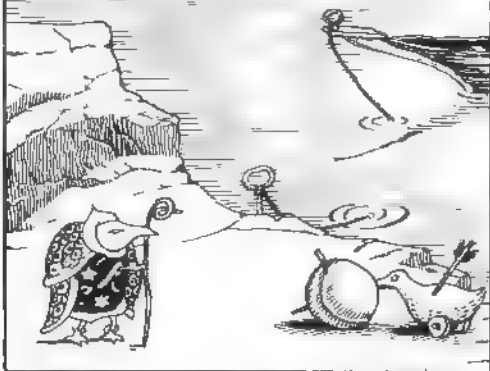
FINALLY I KILLED THE LAST OF THE
FALSE-FACE THINGS AND PURIFIED THE
THE PLACE WITH FIRE AND ICE --



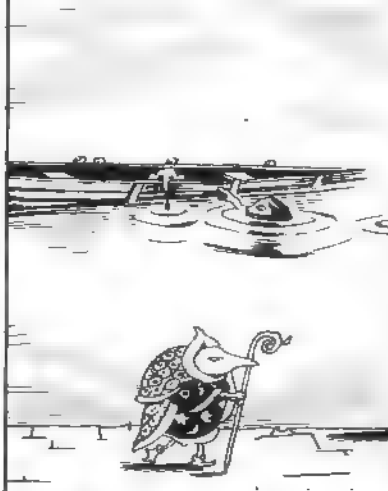
BUT I DID NOT HAVE THE HEART TO
REBUILD ON THAT RUIN FOR PART OF
ME HAD DIED WITH IT! AND AS
MY ANGER FADED THE POWERS
BESTOWED BY FEIGN DISAPPEARED!
I COULD NO LONGER FLY!



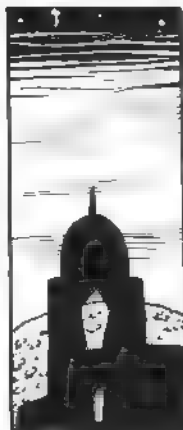
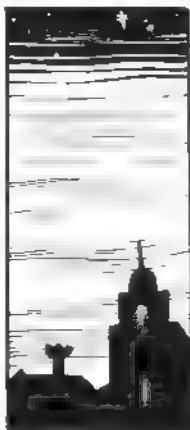
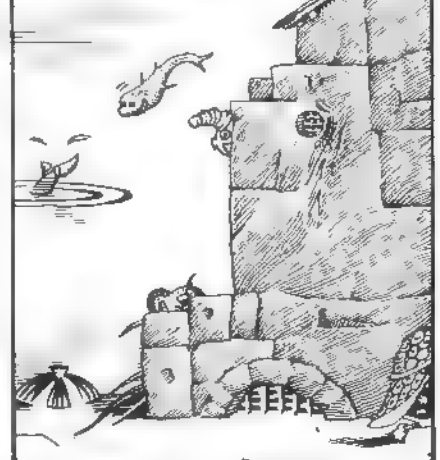
NOW I HAVE RETURNED TO THE
CITY! BUT THE INNER VOICE
STILL WHISPERS TO ME IN THE
TWILIGHT...



EACH NIGHT AT SUNSET...



I CLIMB THE HEIGHTS OF
QUAGMIRE...



AND LIFT MY VOICE
TO THE HEAVENS--
AND SING THE
UNANSWERED...



"SHOW ME THE
WAY BACK HOME!"

Bugs in the System

The eighth star in two hundred years! ... We thought it would be so easy to find a new homeworld. Were we wrong! Suitable planets don't grow on trees ... (sigh) Now, I'm the only one of the original colonists left. Everyone else was born in the ship!

LOOK OUT, ELDER PHAPP!

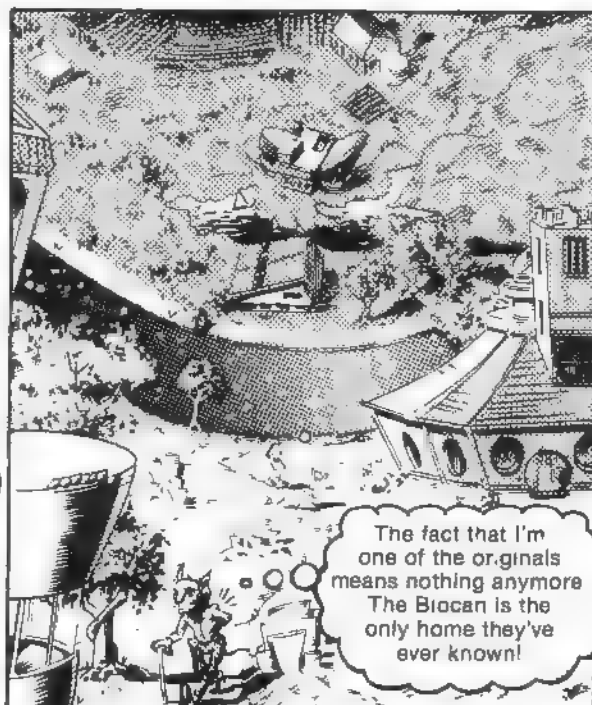
PUNK!
CHACK!



Sorry about that, Elder Phapp! Are you alright?

nee hee hee

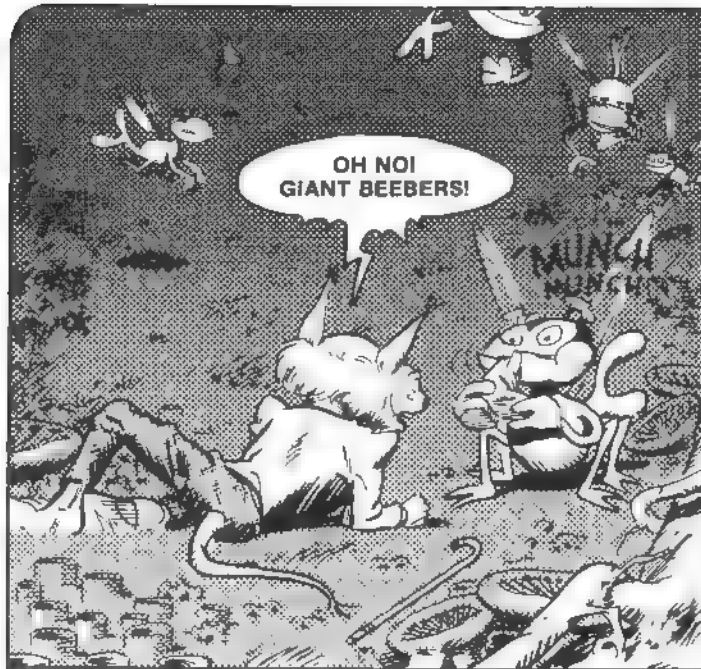
(★!@#**)
Uh, sure. Think nothing of it



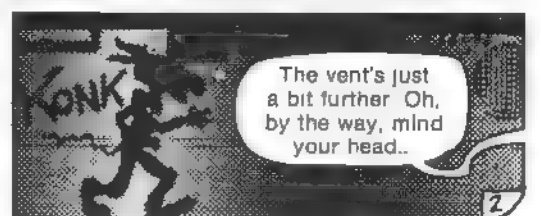
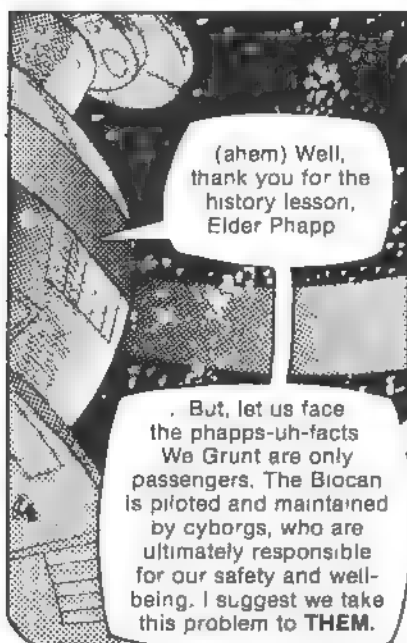
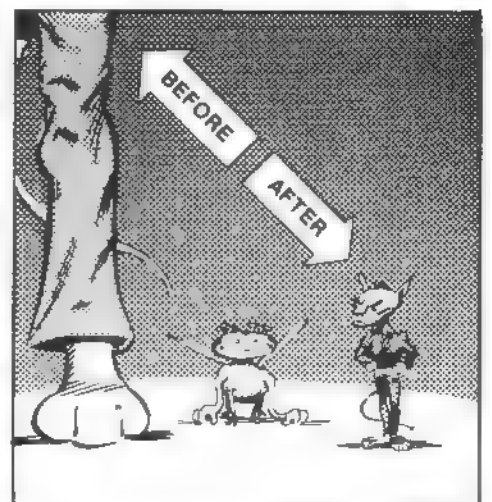
The fact that I'm one of the originals means nothing anymore. The Biocan is the only home they've ever known!

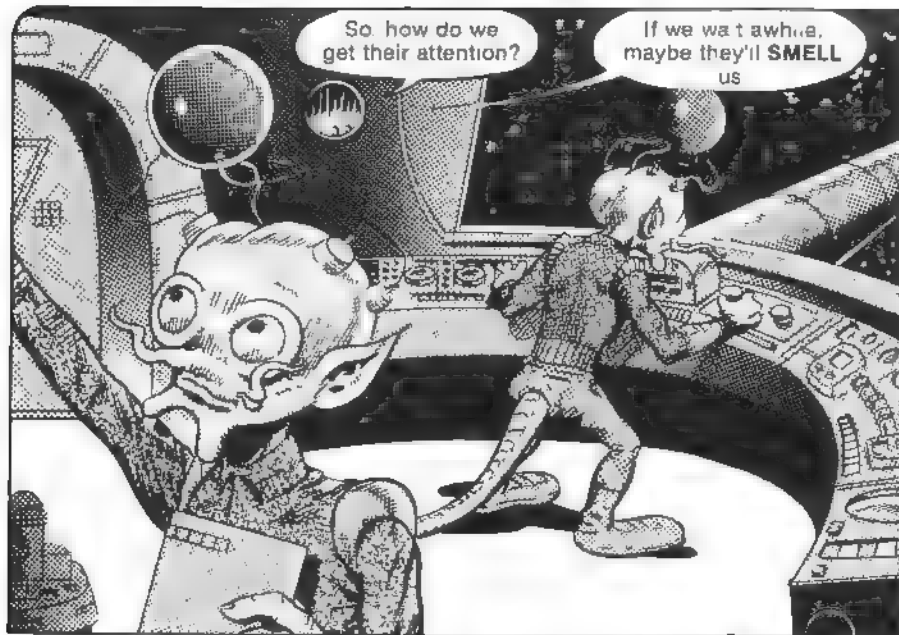


Damn those kids and their rowdy games!



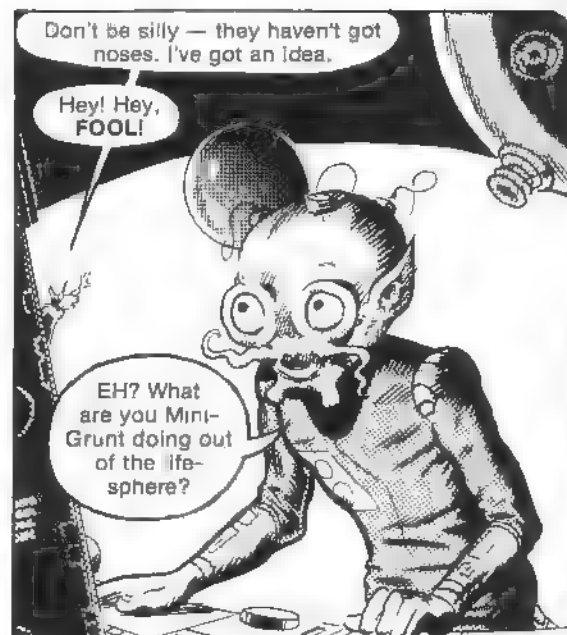
"Back on our homeworld, Grepse, they were common pests called **BEEBERS**. Now that we're genetically compacted for life in the Biocan, they're too big to swat. They pupate for three hundred years in soil; and if we didn't properly sterilize the dirt we used to line the life-sphere, some beebbers would have survived, to emerge fully grown."





So how do we get their attention?

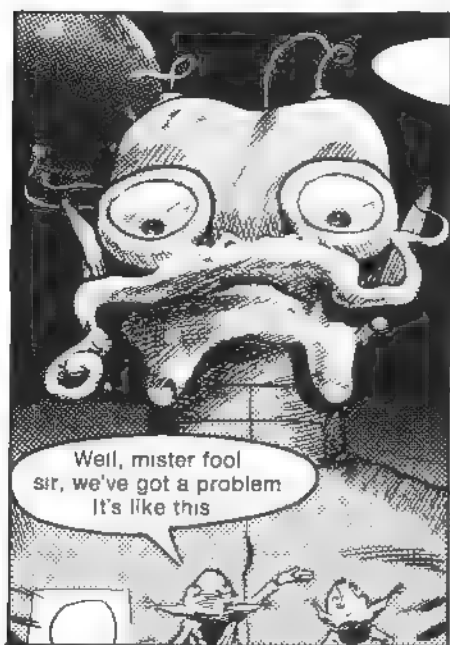
If we wait awhile, maybe they'll **SMELL** us



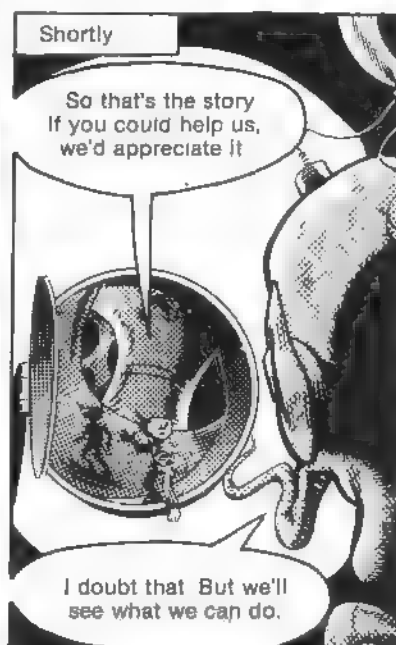
Don't be silly — they haven't got noses. I've got an idea.

Hey! Hey, **FOOL!**

EH? What are you Mini-Grunt doing out of the life-sphere?



Well, mister fool sir, we've got a problem. It's like this



Shortly

So that's the story. If you could help us, we'd appreciate it

I doubt that. But we'll see what we can do.



The volunteers return to the life-sphere.

..The big guys will take care of the bugs for us

ARGH!



The cyborgs never enter the life-sphere ... They monitor conditions here by instruments. They'll never be able to get rid of the beebers

I've got an idea, but my peers wouldn't listen to me, so I'll have to **SNEAK** out through this air shaft

Cyborgs — **HAI!** They'll probably put on **BIG SHOES** and try to **STOMP** the beebers to death!



I know how to get rid of bugs ... put on **BIG SHOES** and **STOMP** on them!

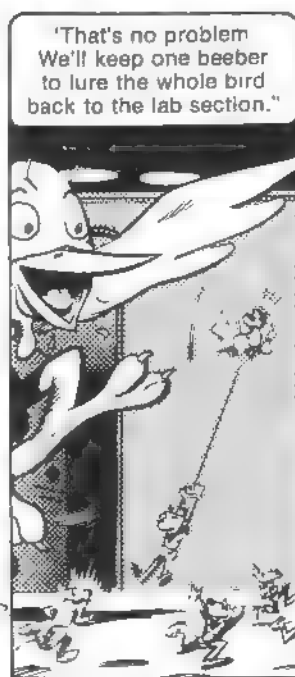
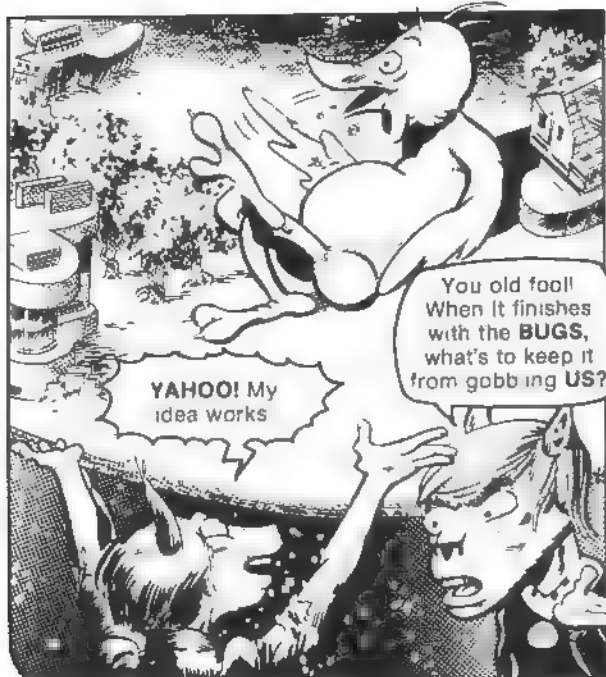
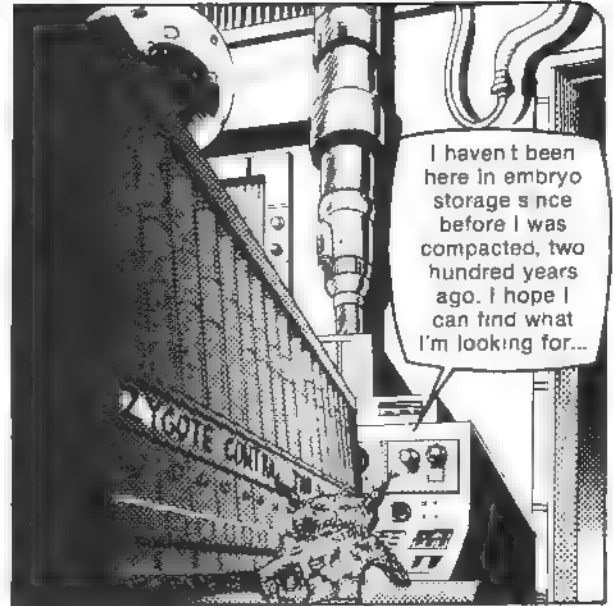
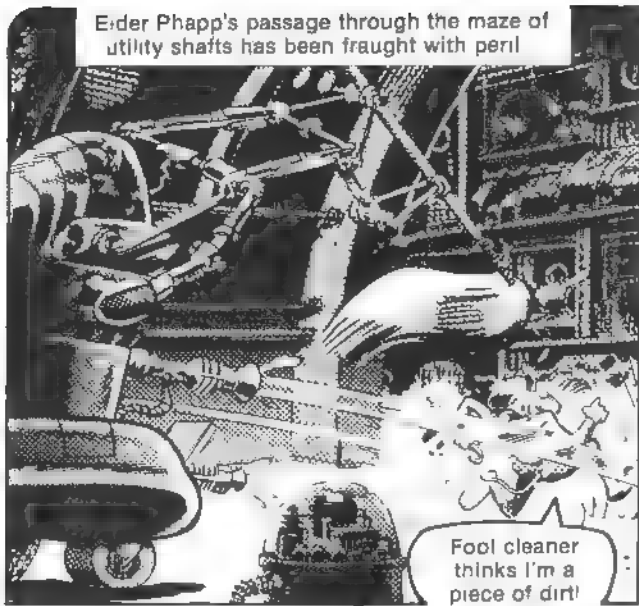


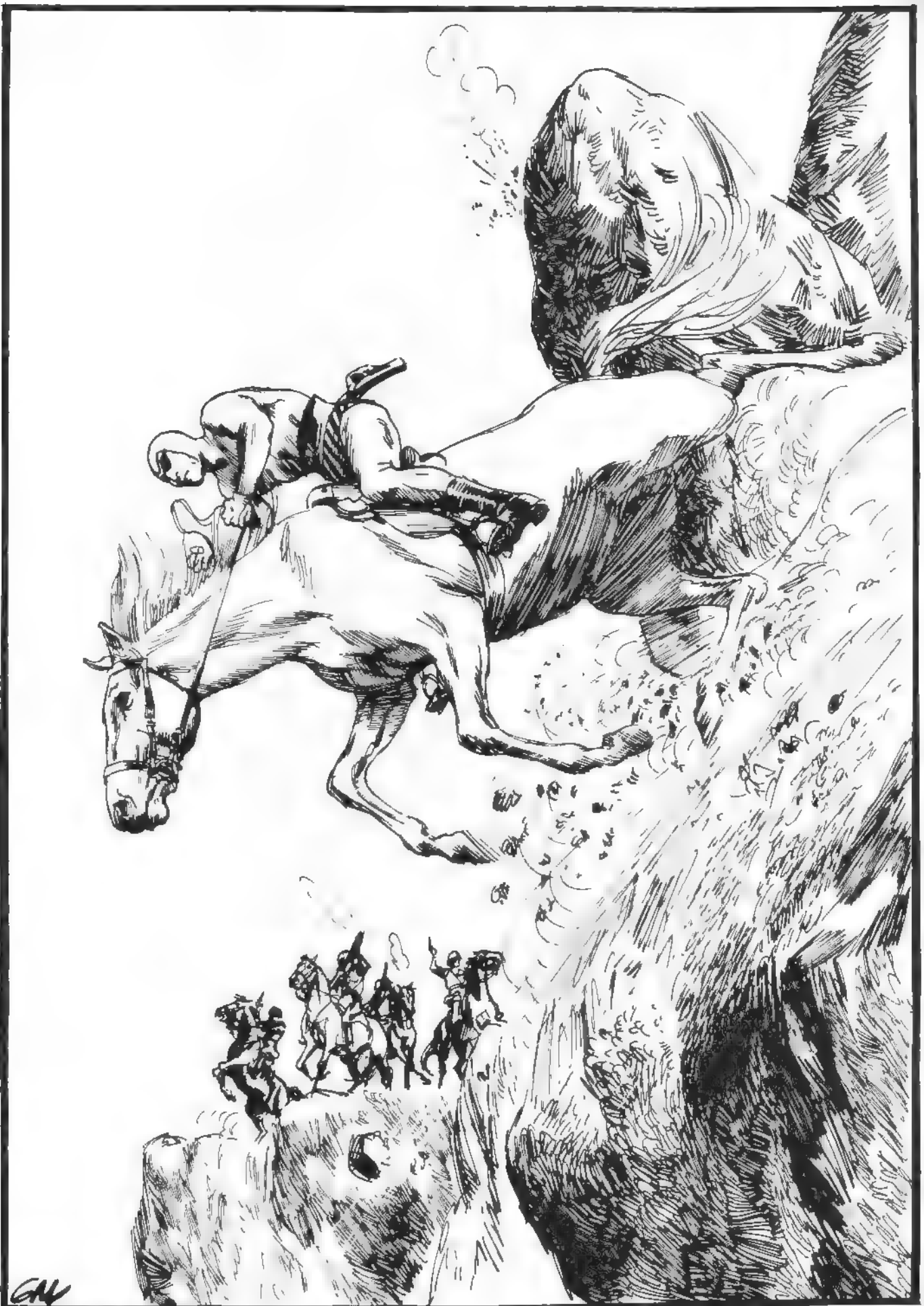
OOPS!

My **HOUSE!**
My **FAMILY!**



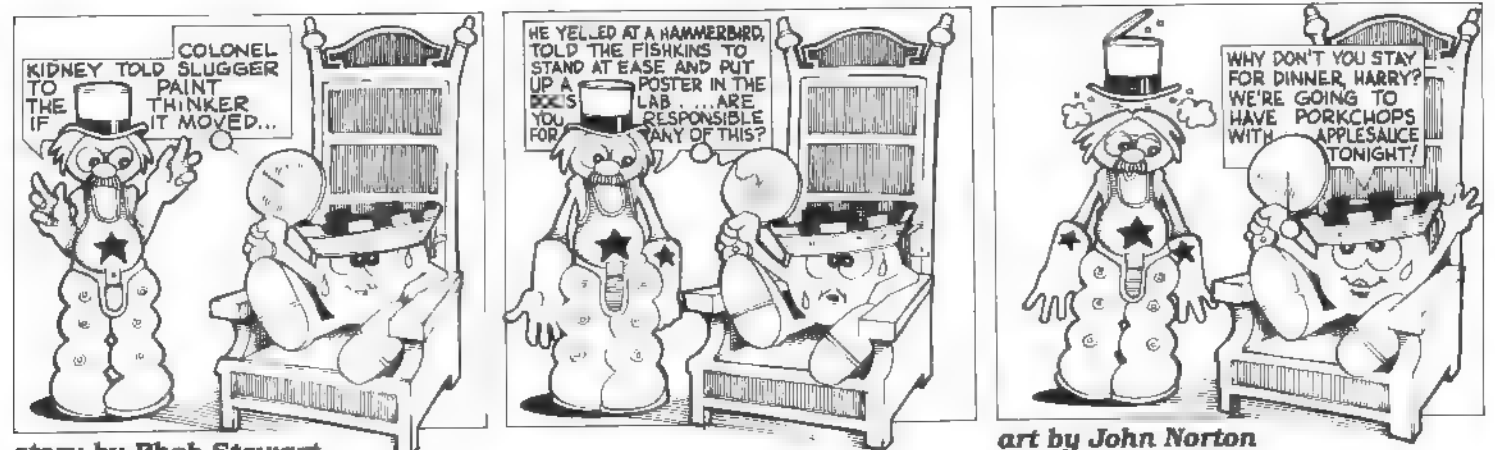
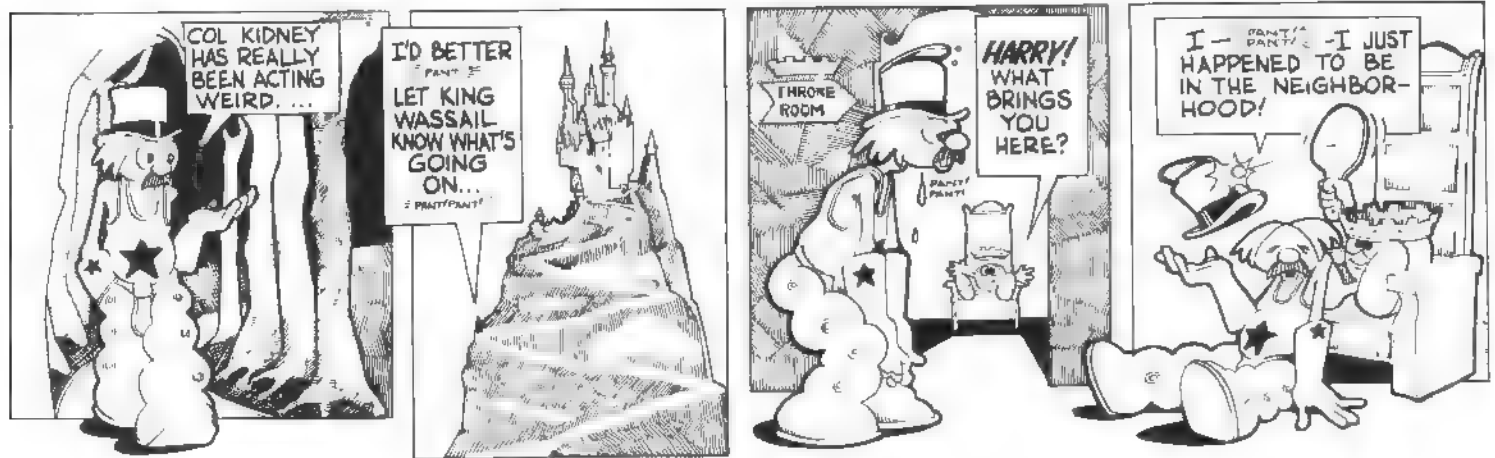
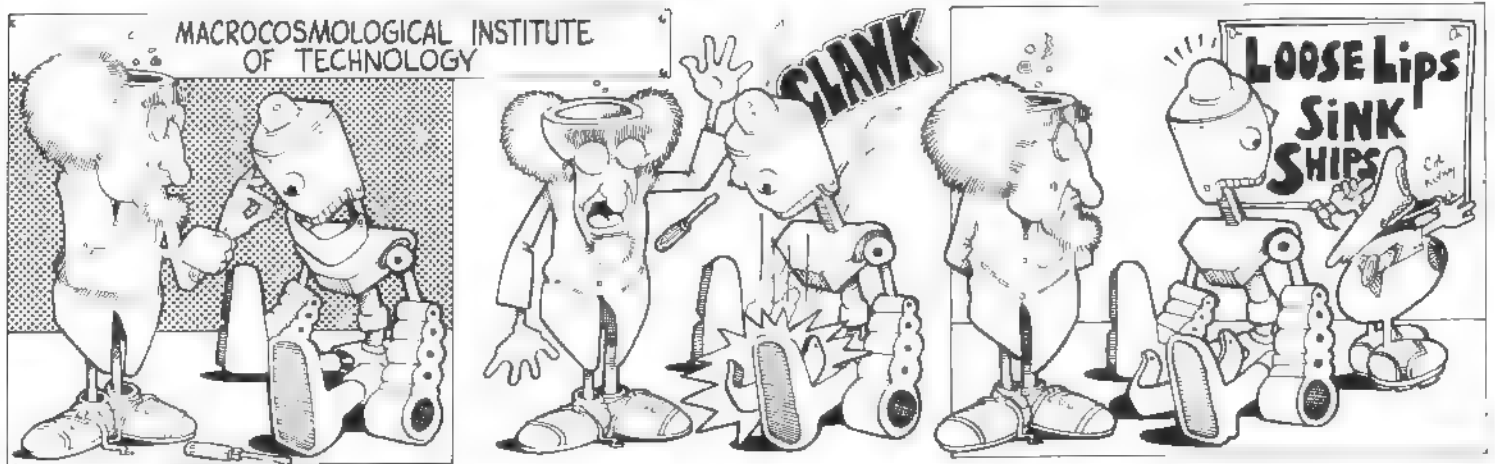
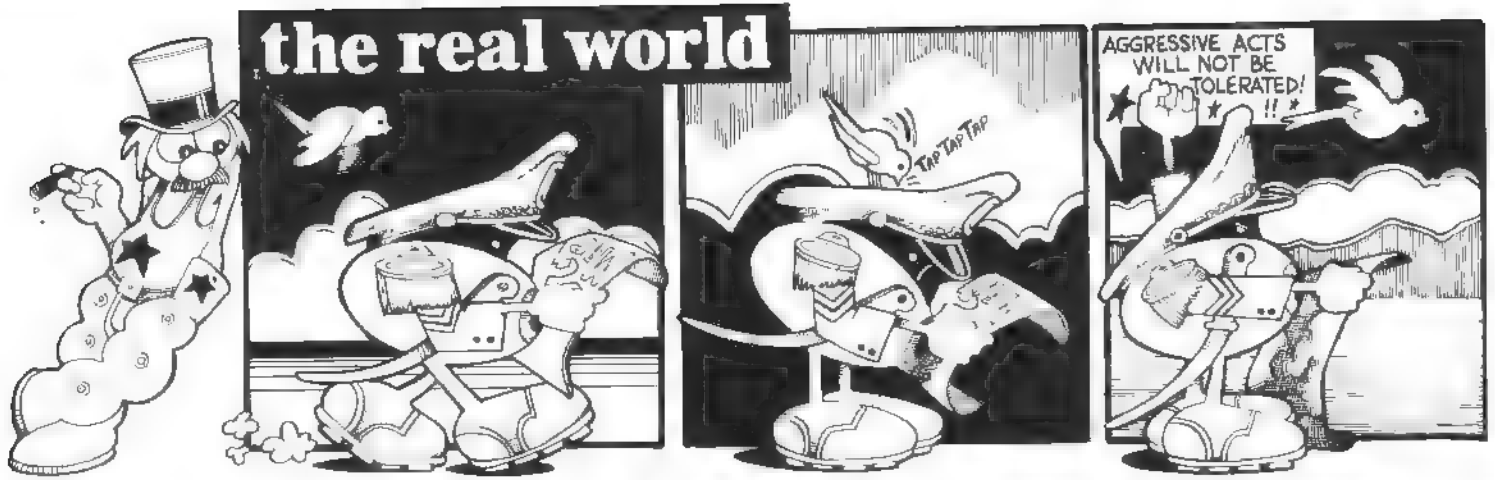
THAT was a lame idea, Zagat. Now here's mine: Issue wooden mallets to the Mini-Grunt, and let **THEM** take care of the beebers.

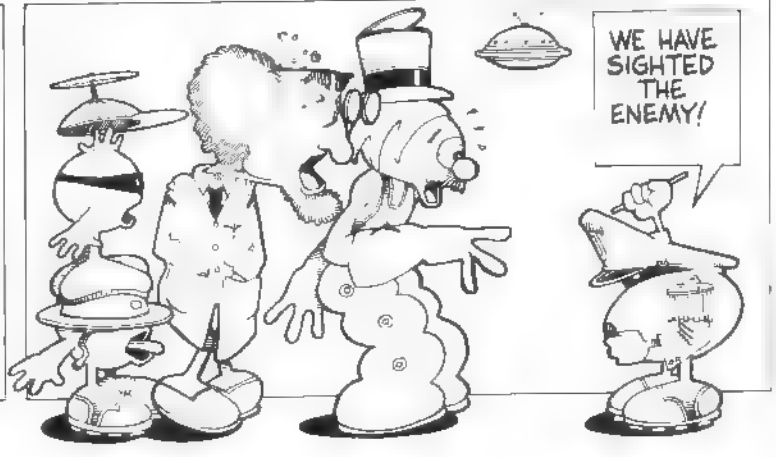
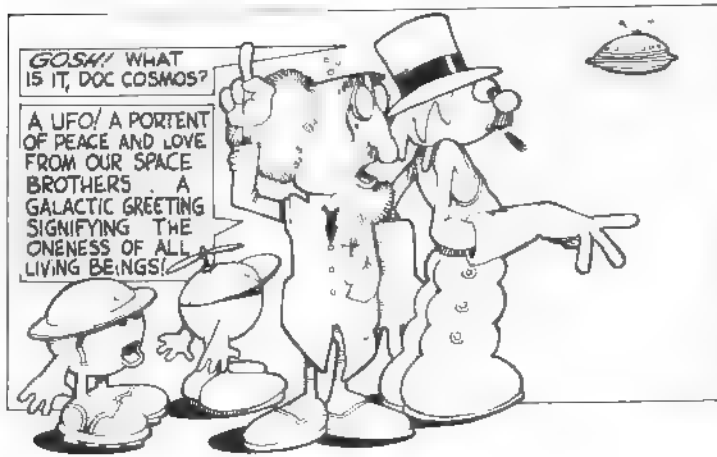
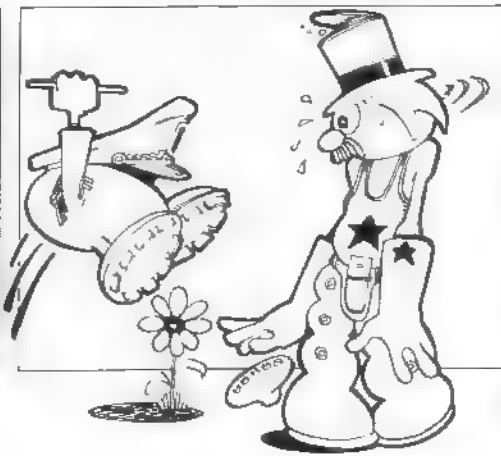
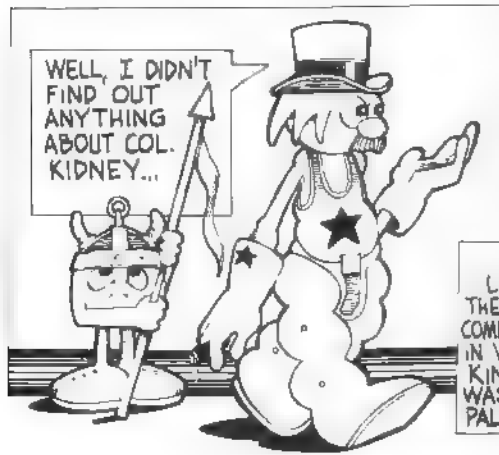
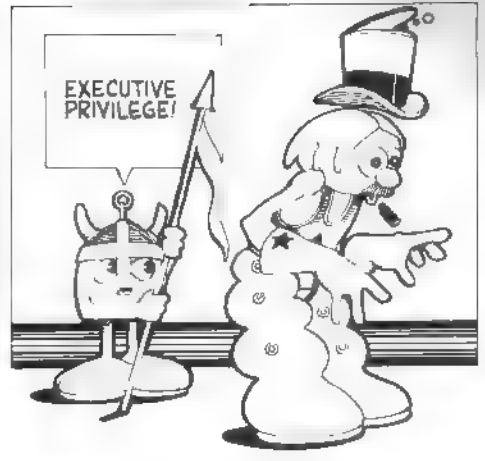


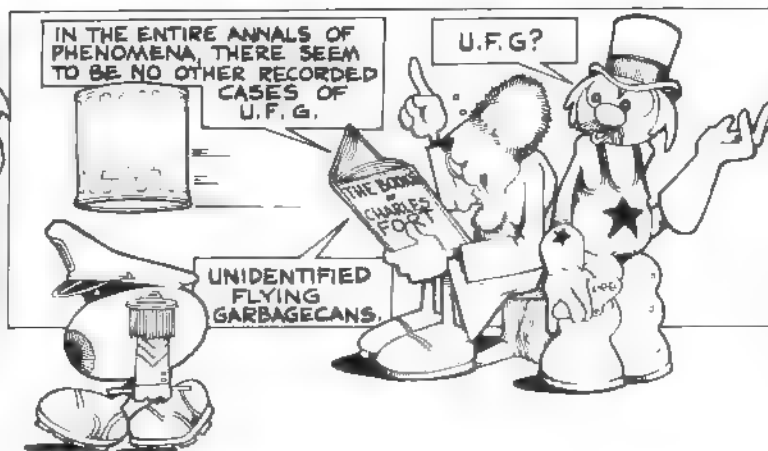
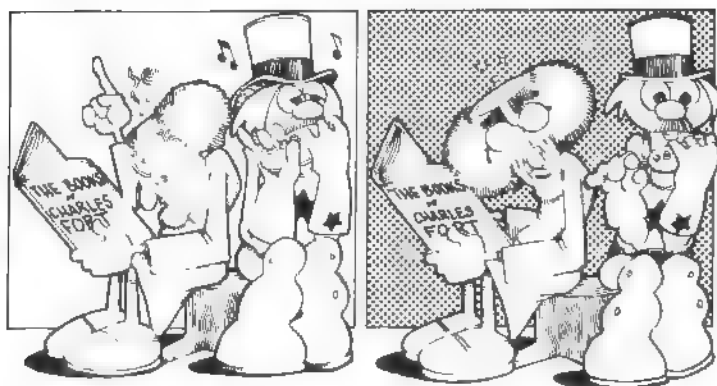
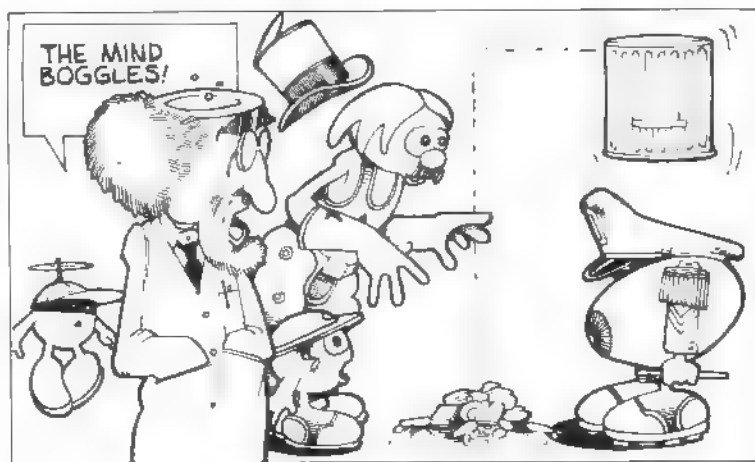
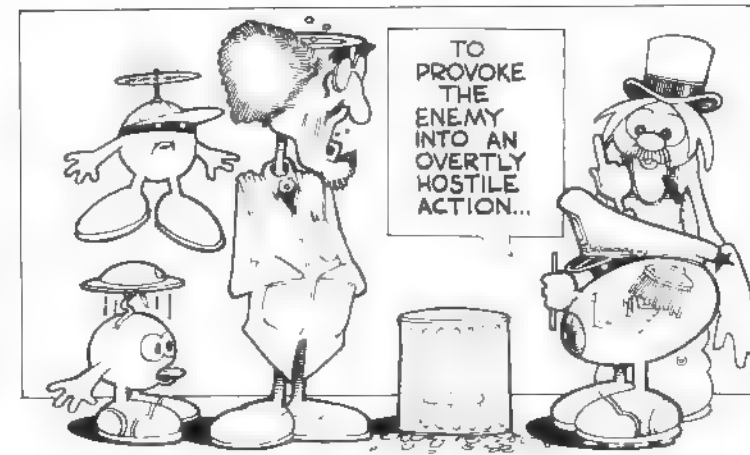
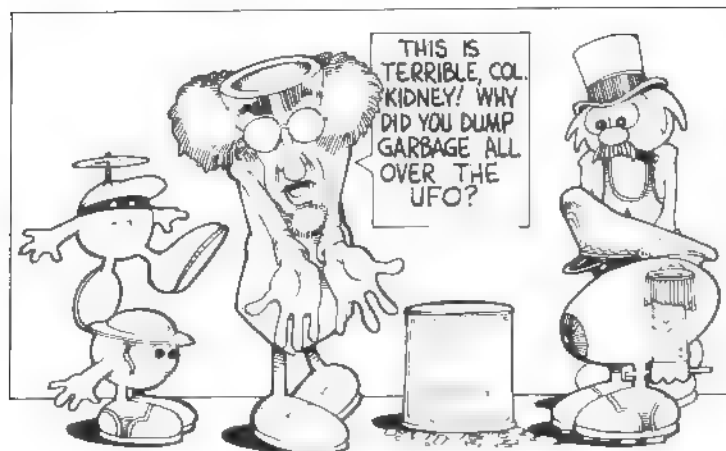


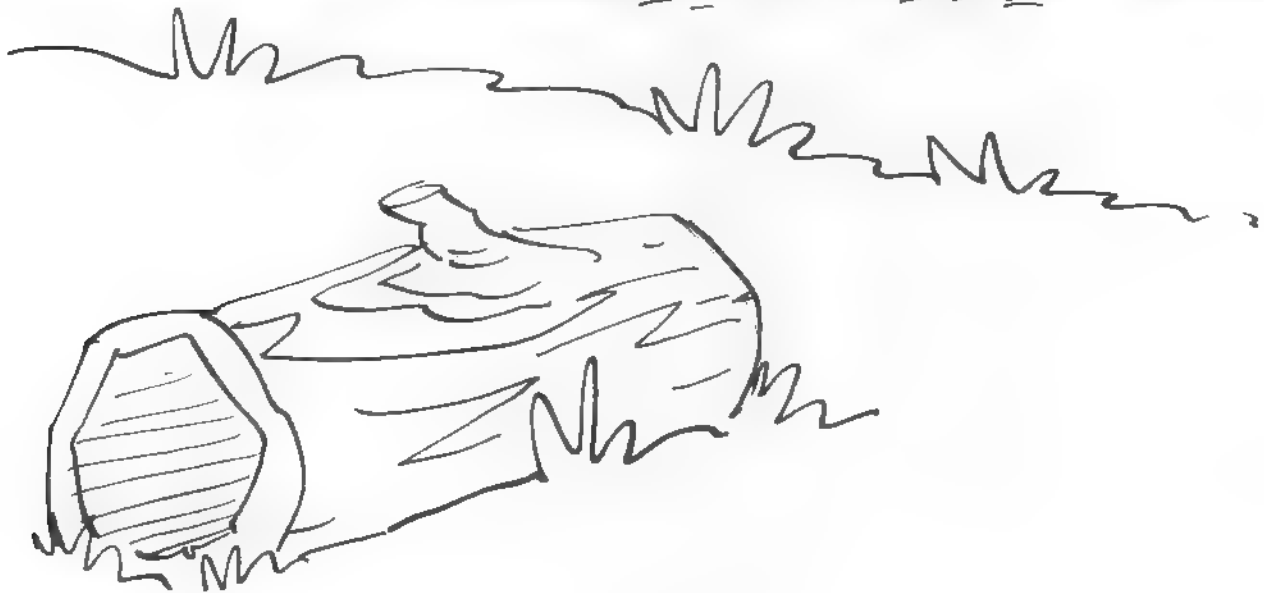
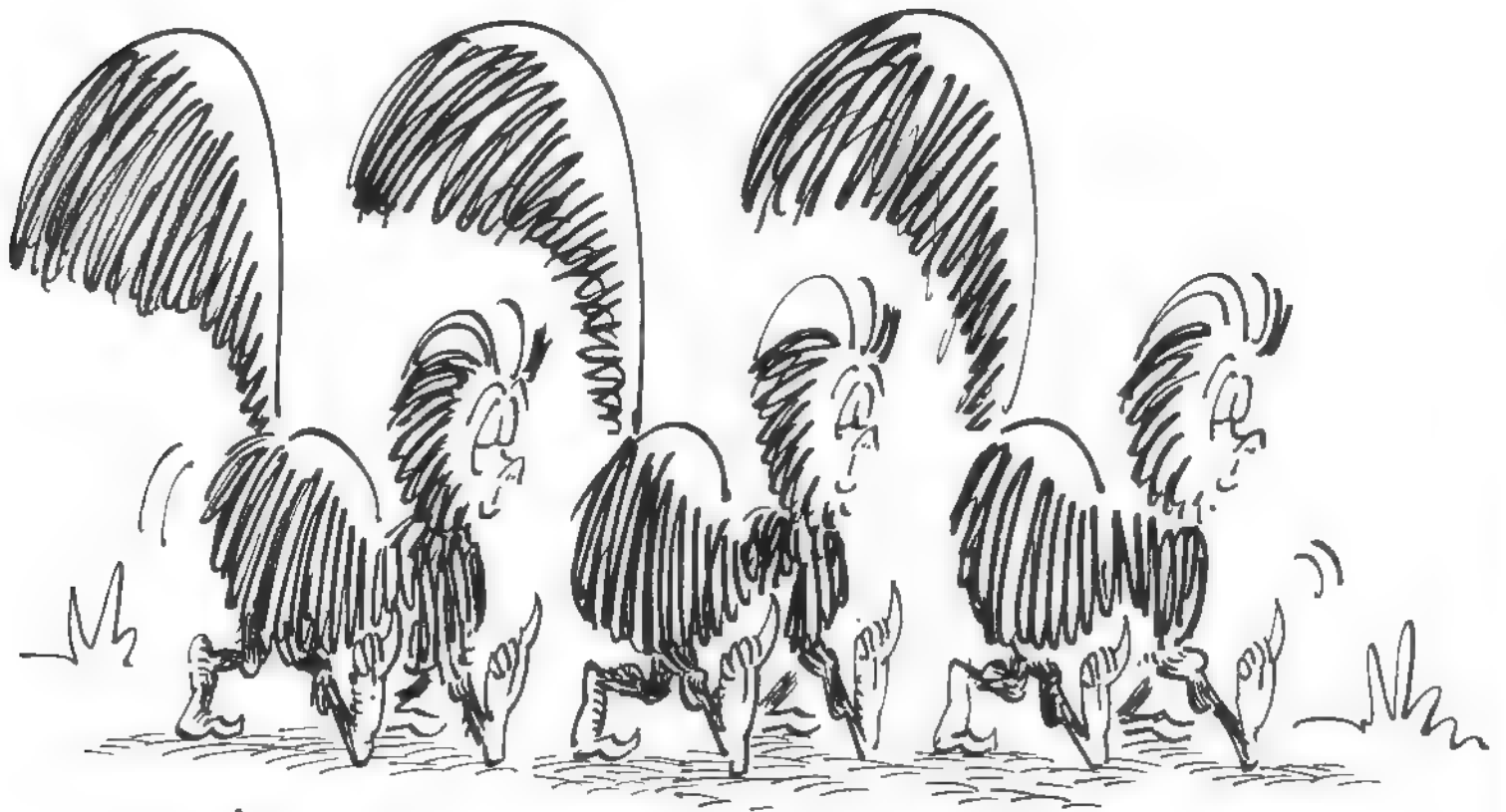
Drawing by Gray Morrow

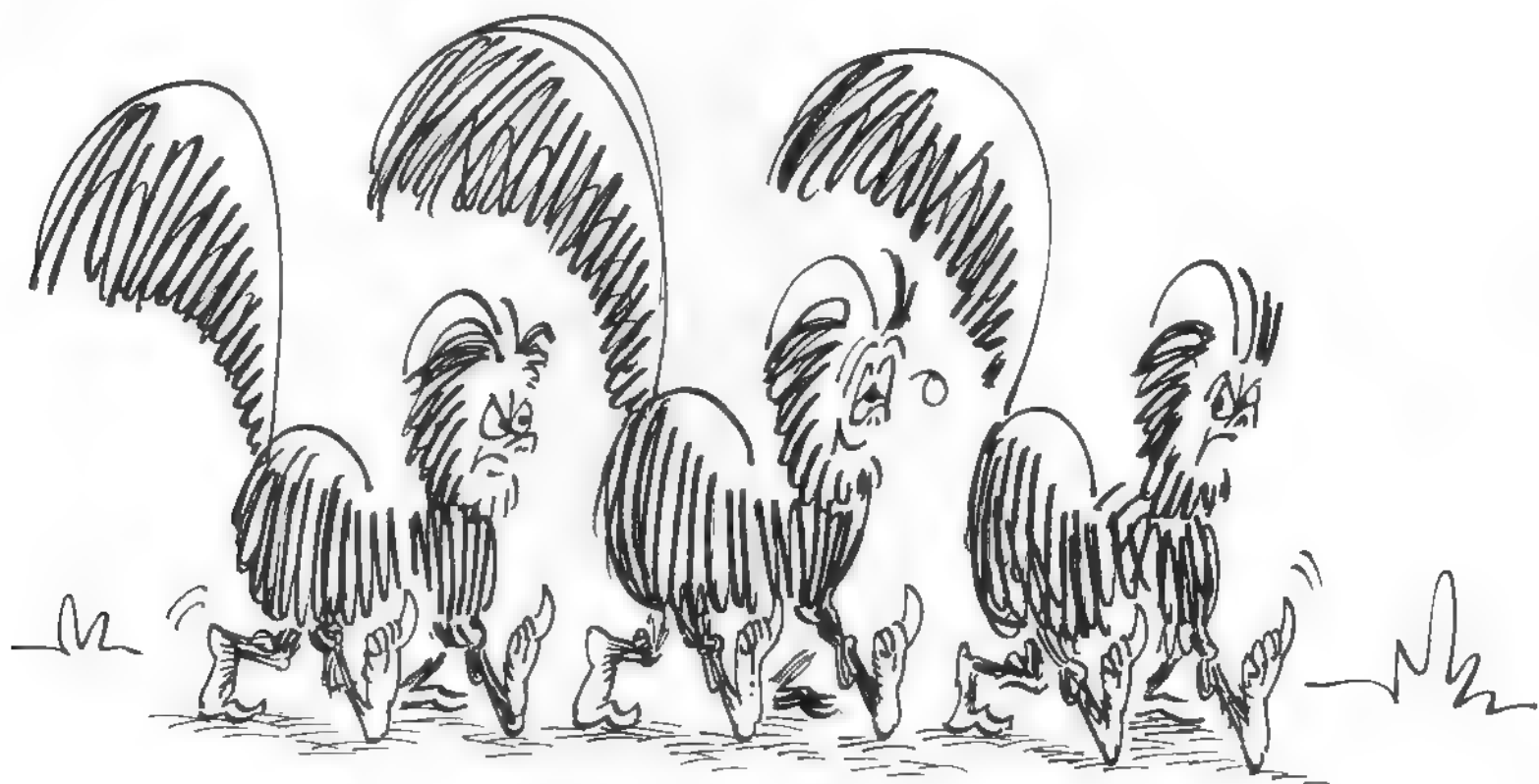
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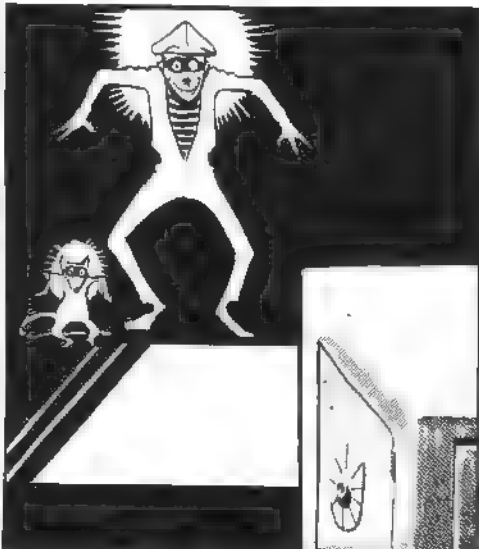
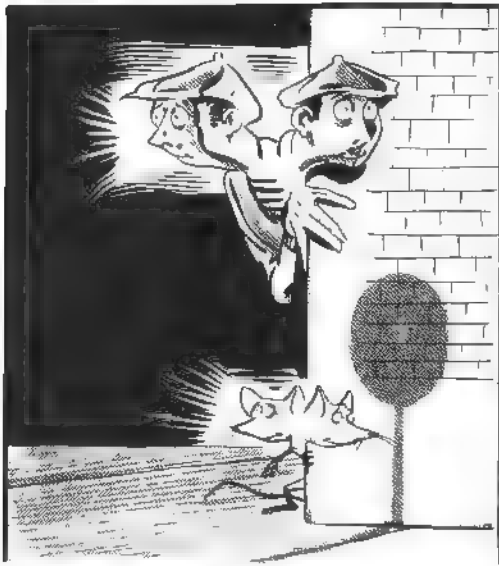






D. MARTIN

BOOBY TRAP



In her premiere episode, (*Lost in a Dream*, witzend #10, 1976) Kym awakens without memory in a castle tower, a prisoner. She escapes, flees through the night, but soon comes upon a city floating in the sky.

In her second episode, (*The Encounter*, witzend #11, 1978) Kym watches the city evaporate mysteriously, only to be confronted by a giant armored lizard and pursued across an alien landscape. She finds a flying ship which takes her to the city in the sky, and meets a handsome young king.



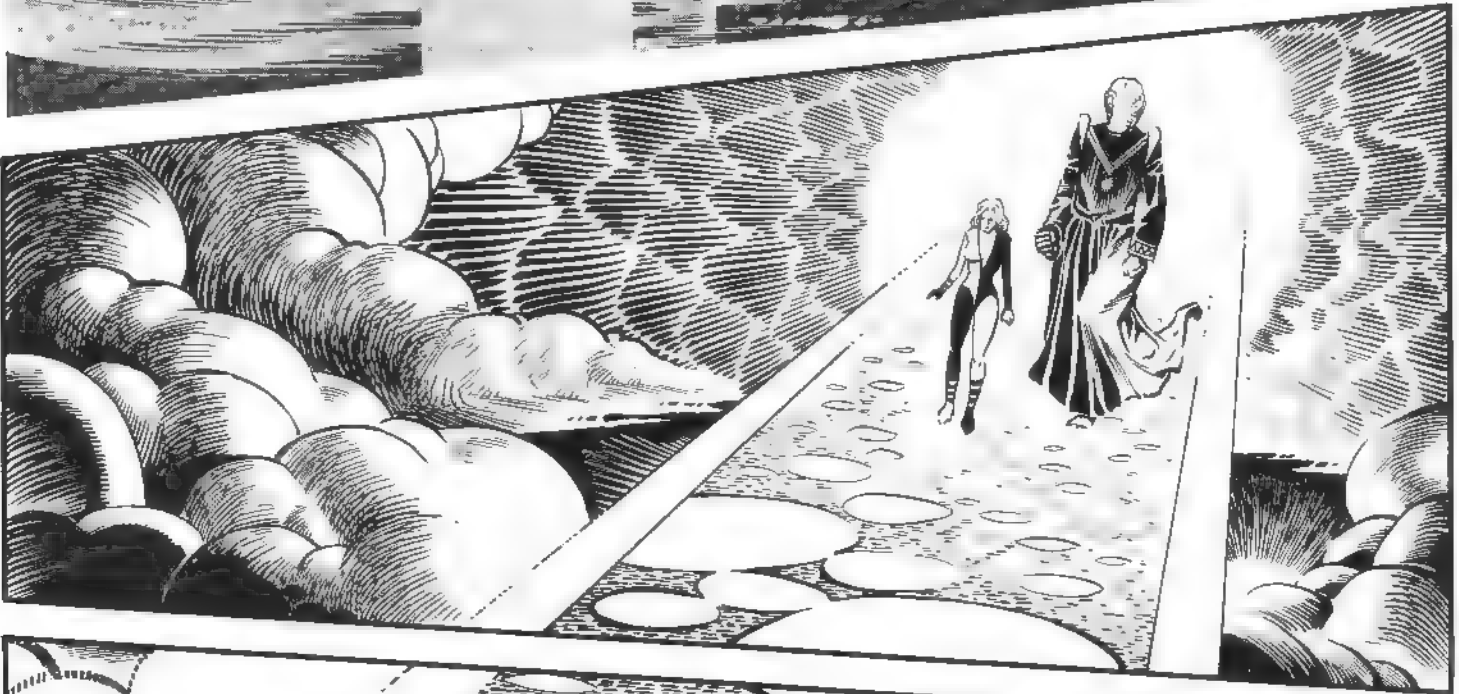
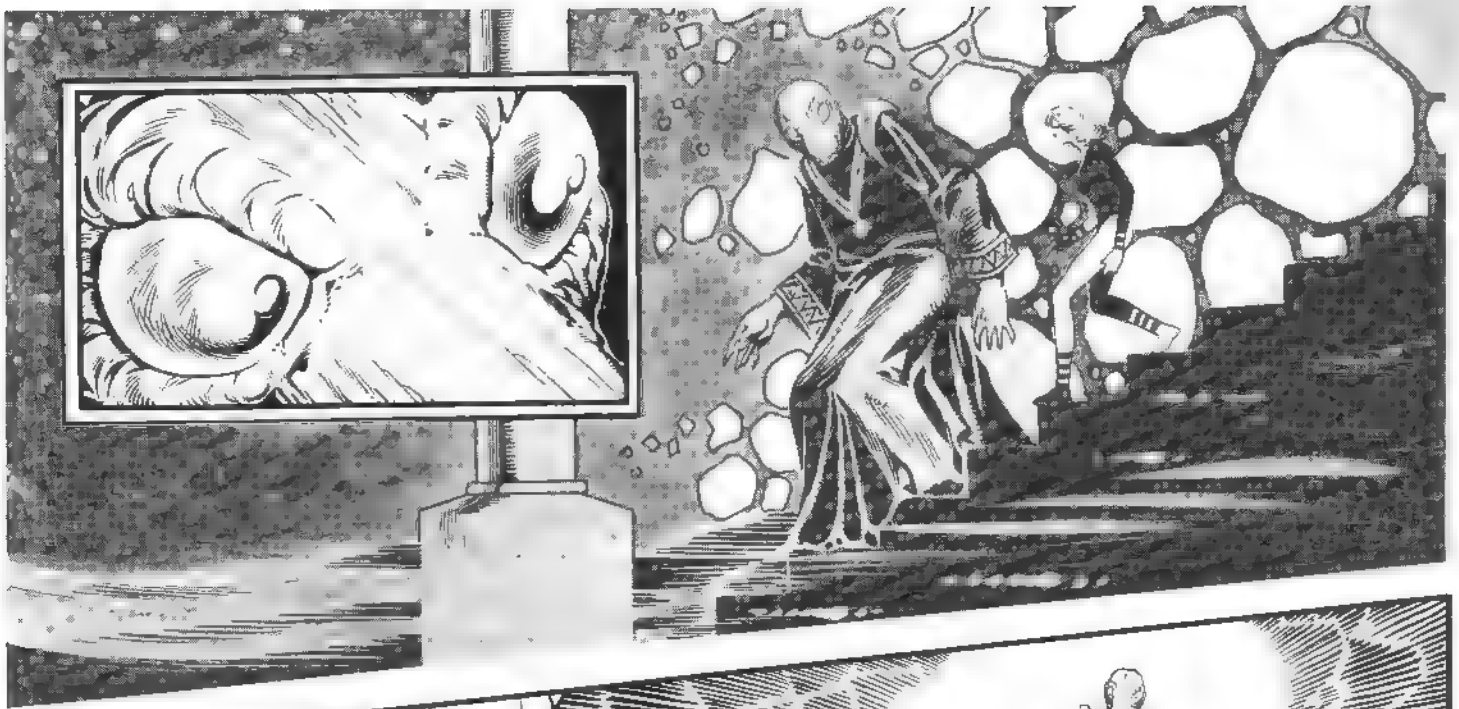
In her third and concluding episode, this issue, (*Awakening*, witzend #12, 1982) Kym is startled to witness the transformation of the king back into the giant lizard. The beast accompanies her in her skyship back to the castle and beyond, into a neutral zone without any sign of life.

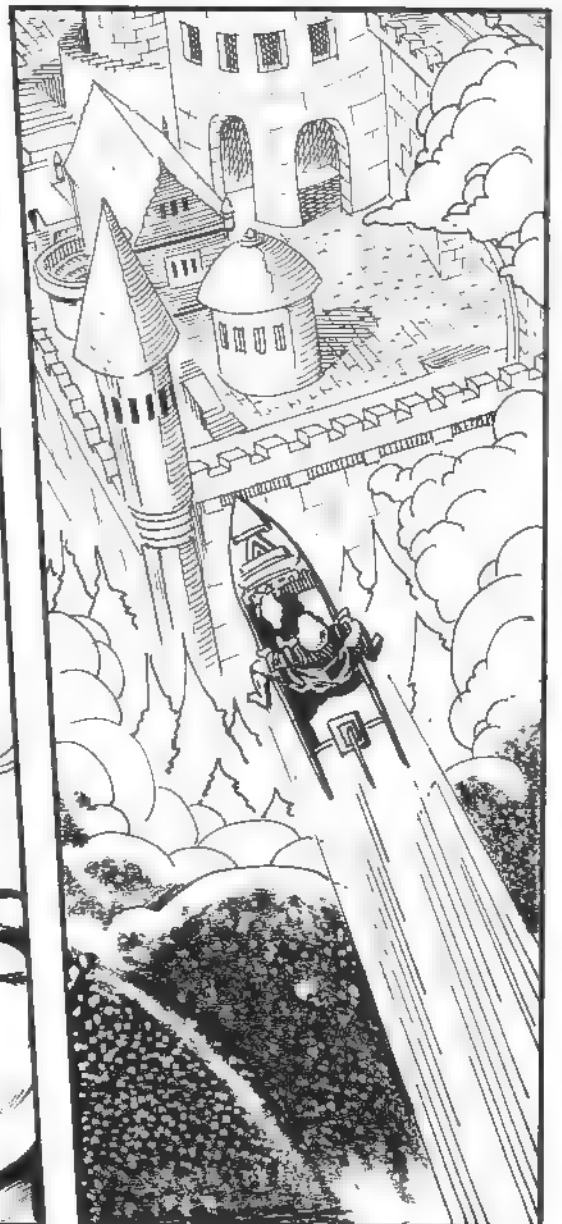
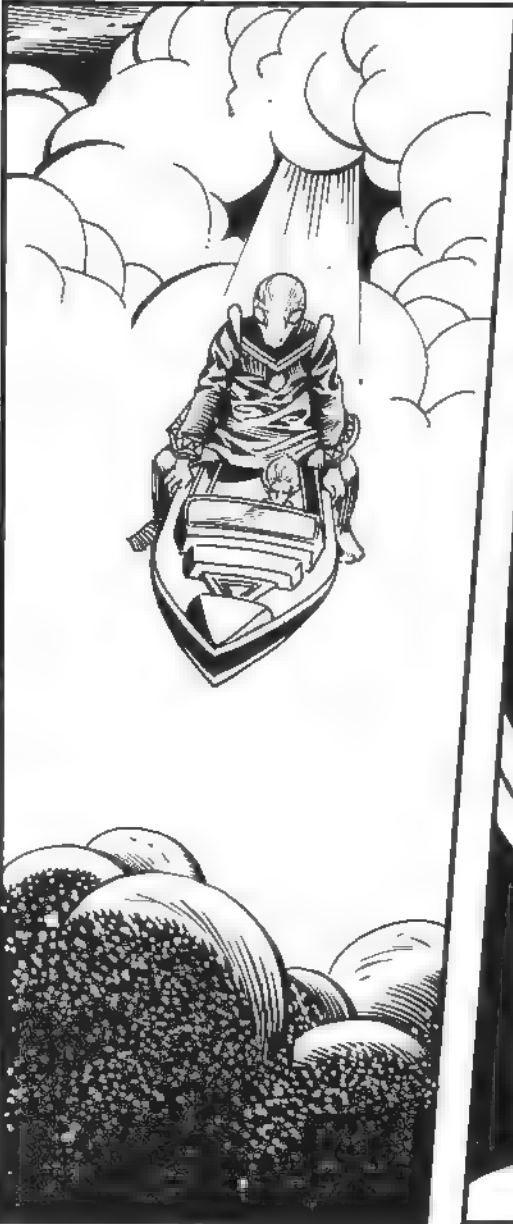
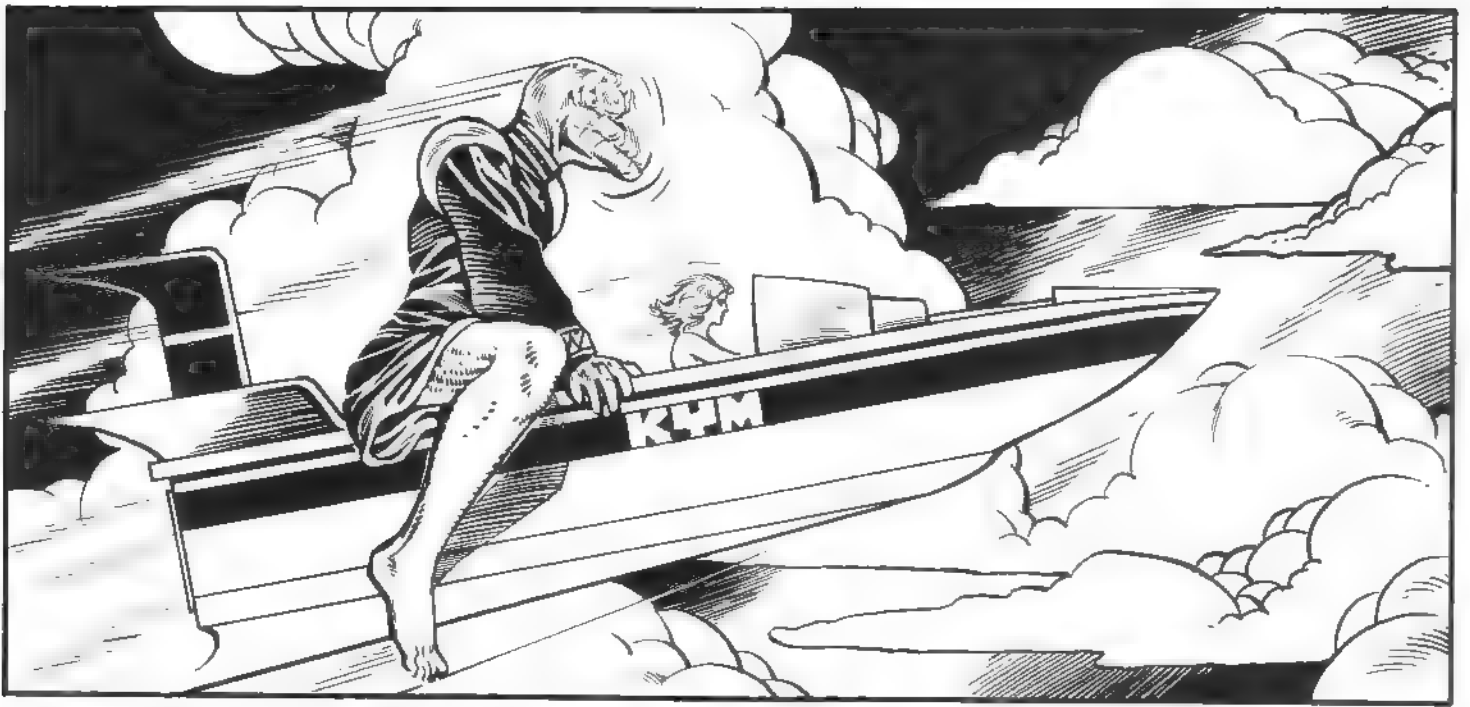
the Awakening

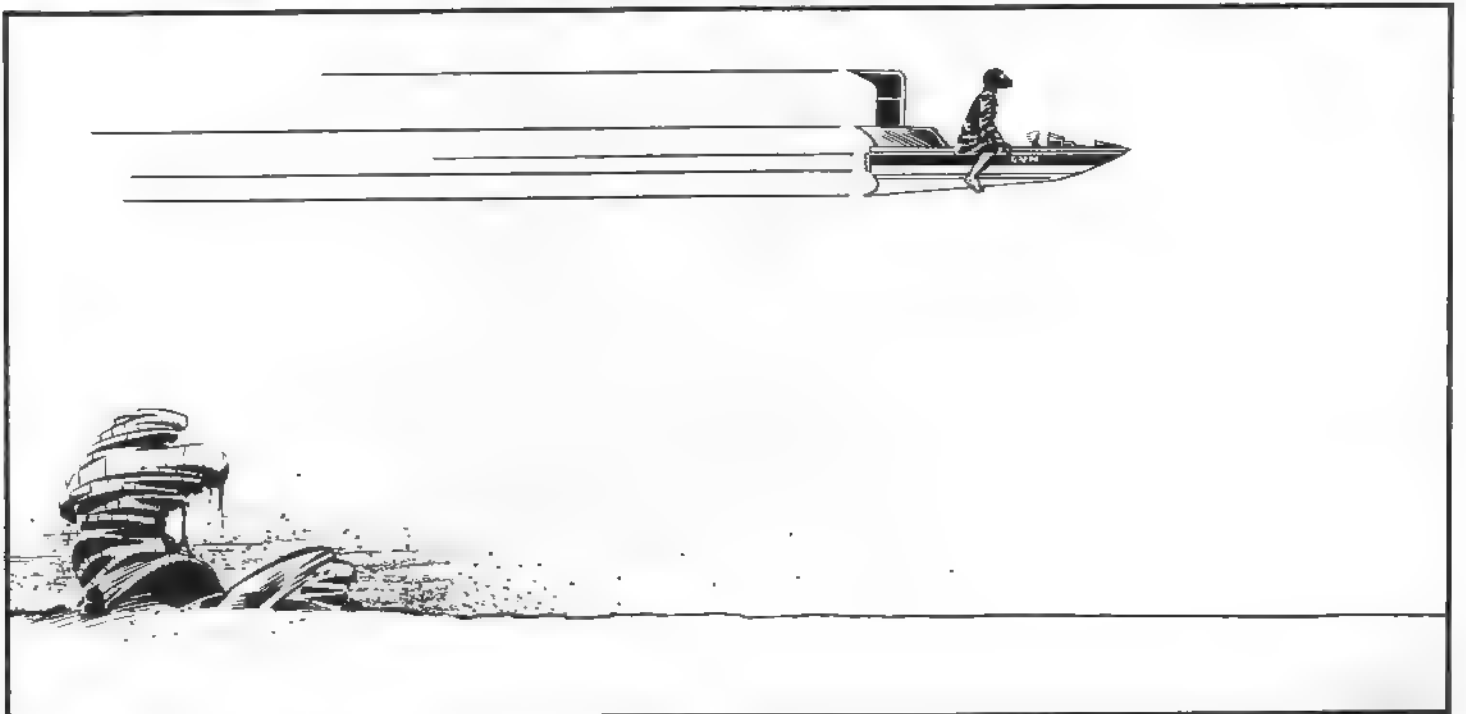
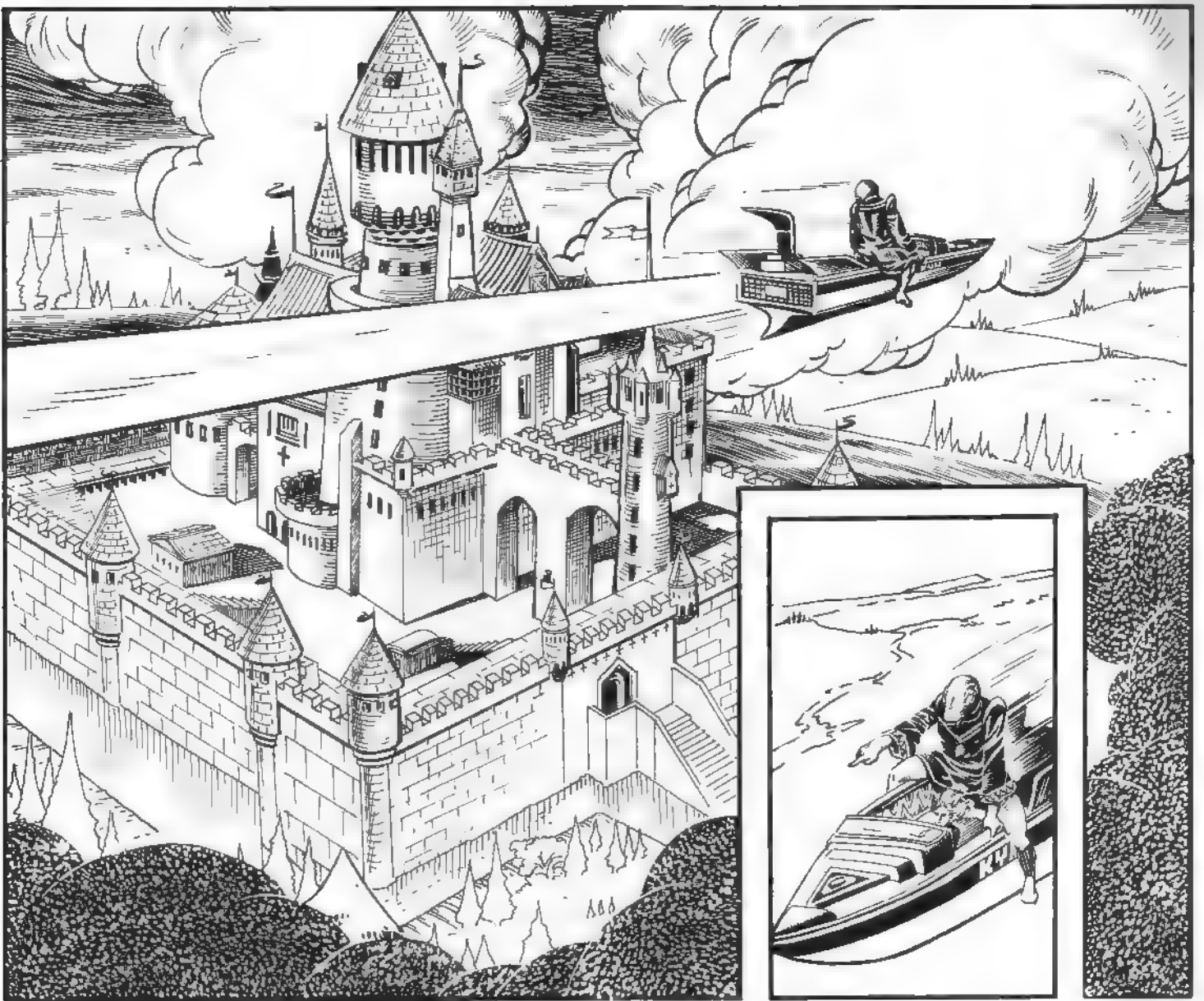


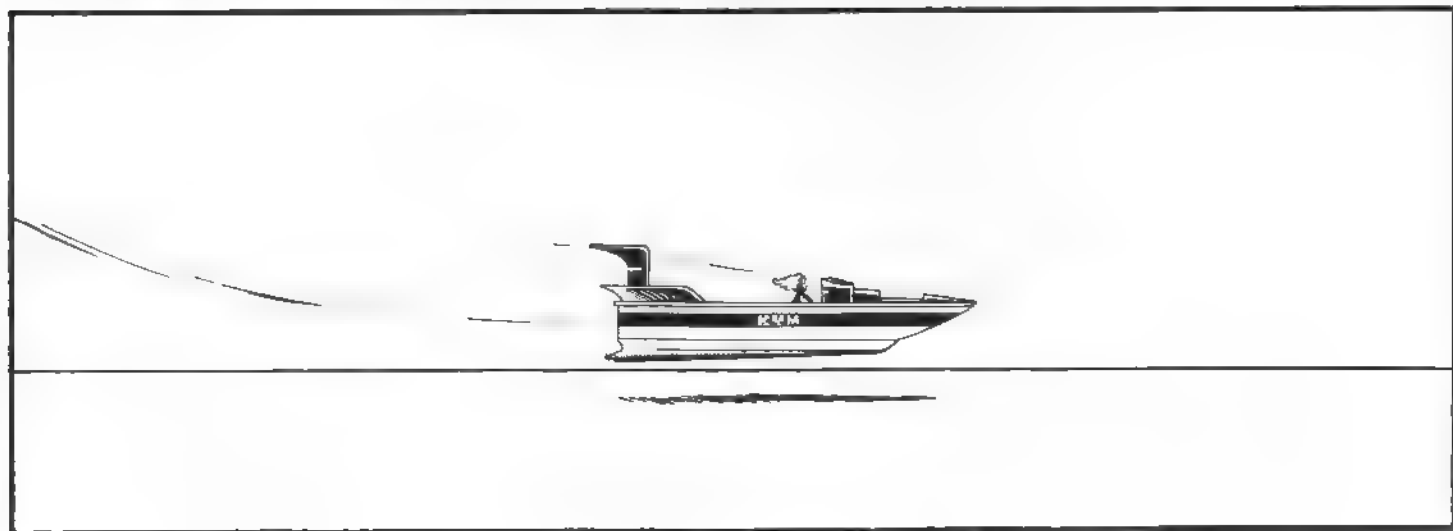
story by Bill Pearson

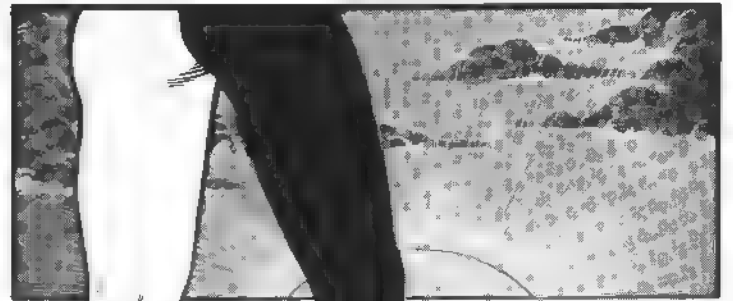
art by Mike Zeck and Ruben Yandoc, Jr.

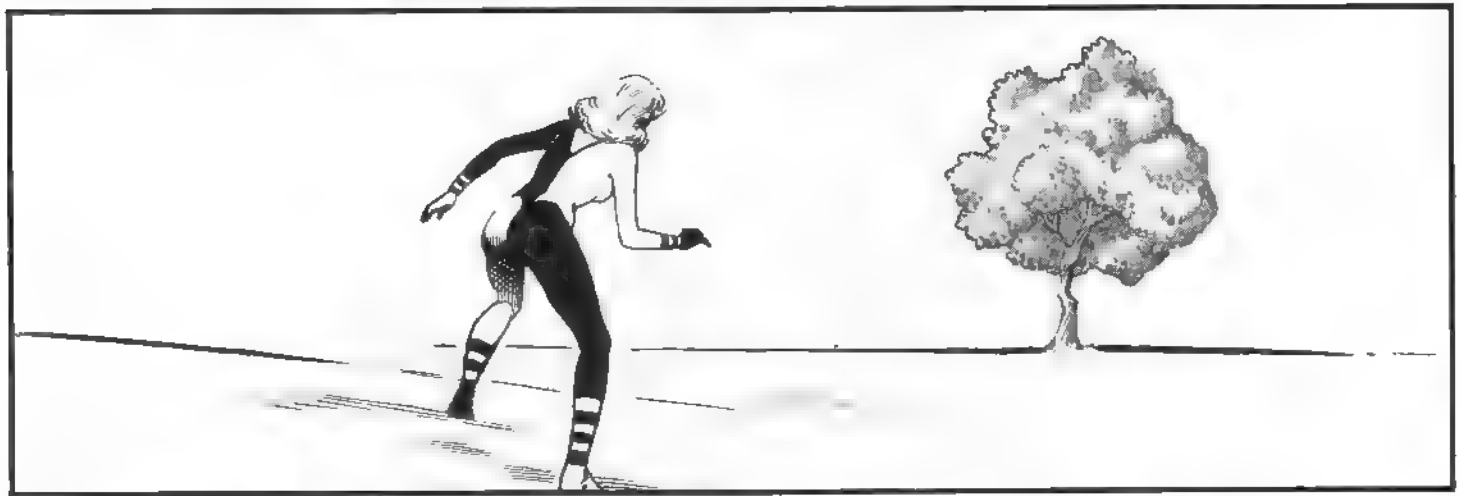


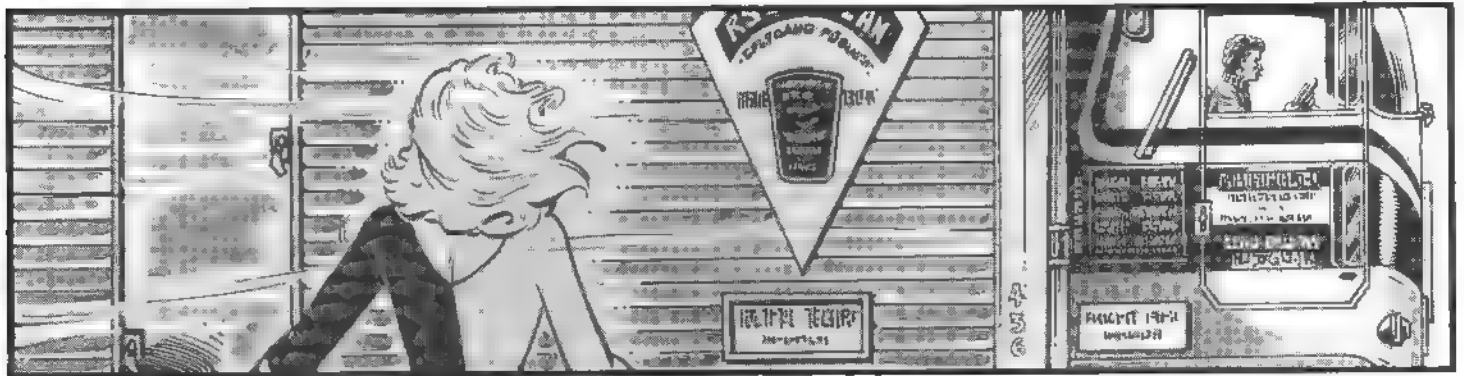
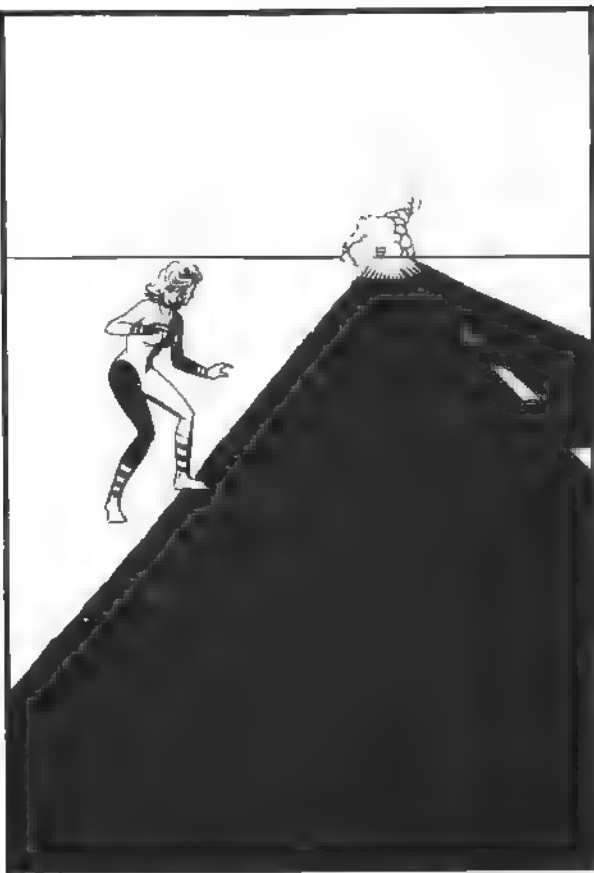




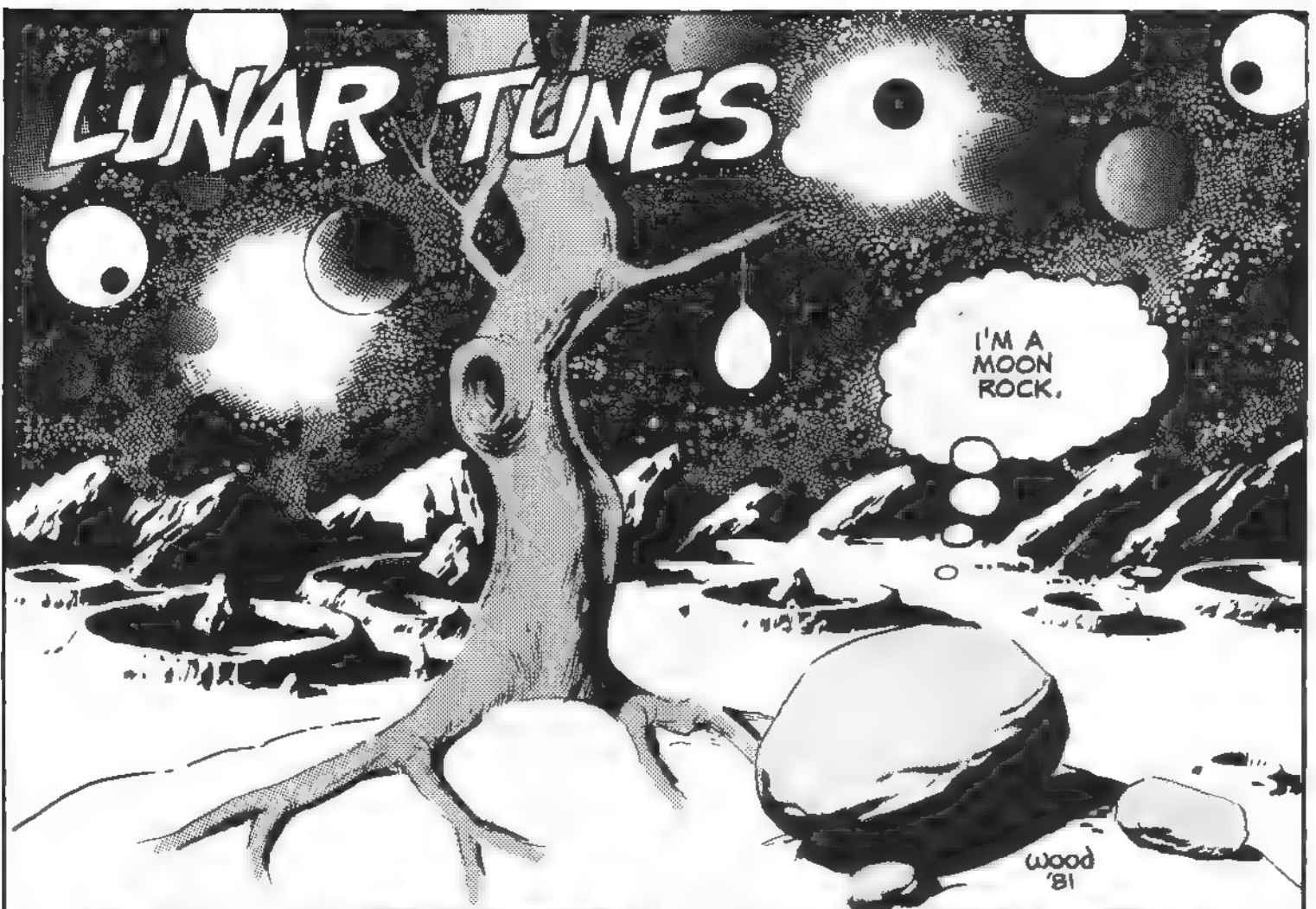








LUNAR TUNES



I'M A
MOON
ROCK.

wood
'81

WE MOON
ROCKS ARE IN
A PECULIAR
POSITION...

IF I WAS
ON EARTH,
I'D BE
PRICELESS.

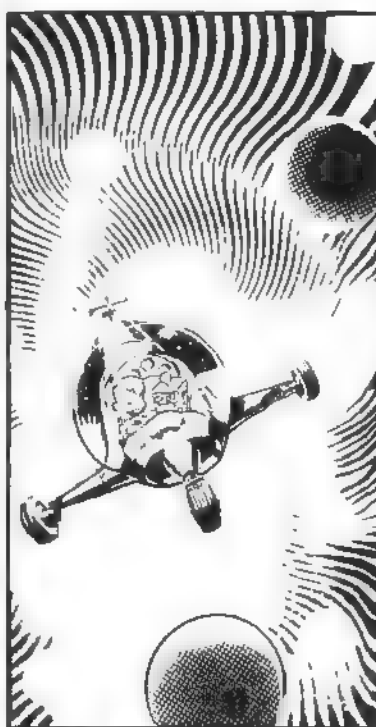
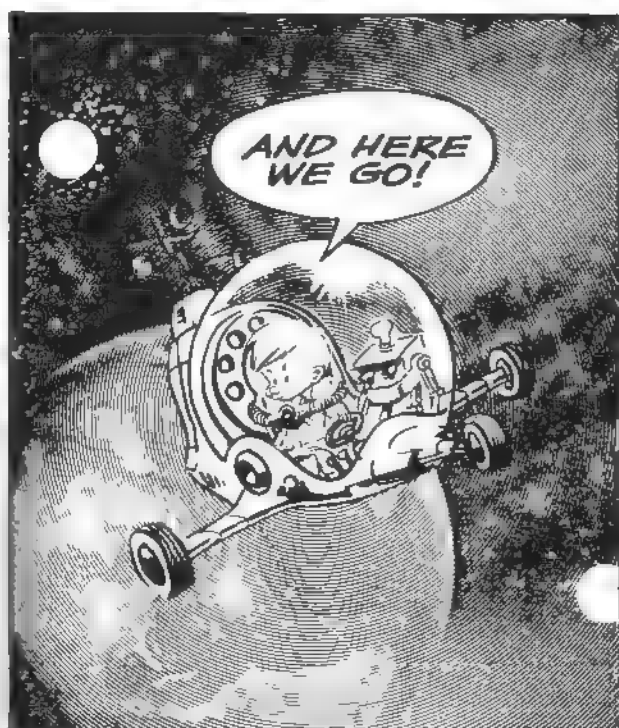
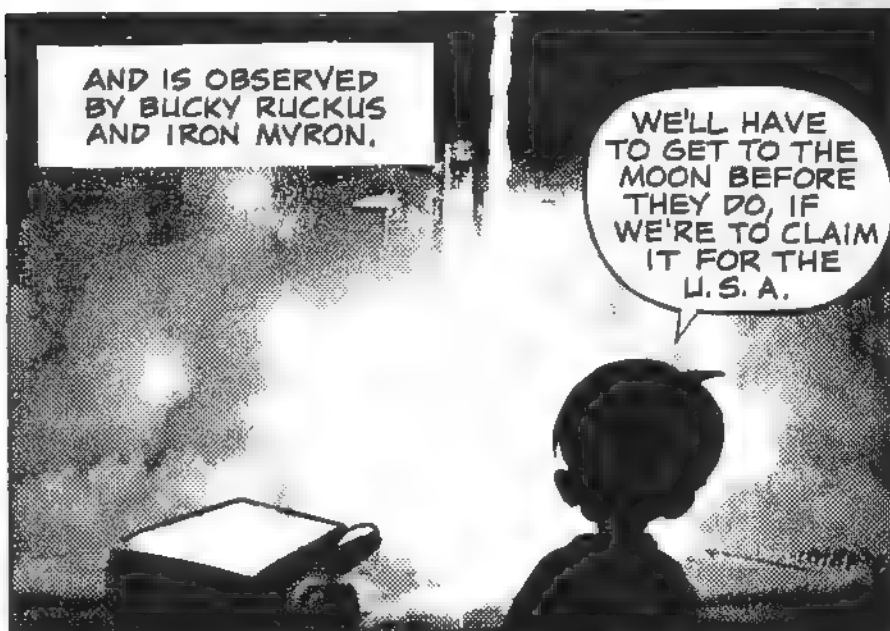
HERE ON
THE MOON,
I'M WORTH
ZILCH!

ANOTHER
EXAMPLE OF
PRICE FIXING
BY THE MOON
ROCK CARTEL.

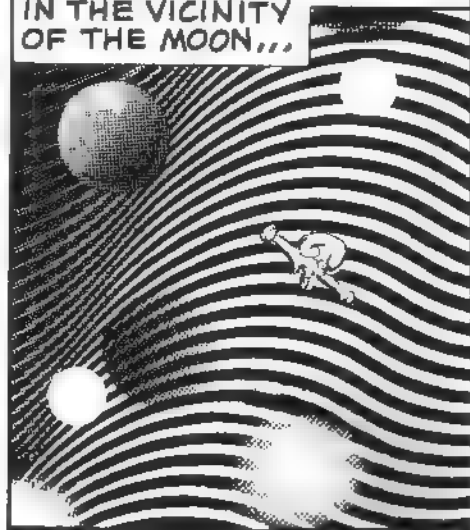
MEANWHILE, A SPACESHIP
LEAVES EARTH,,,

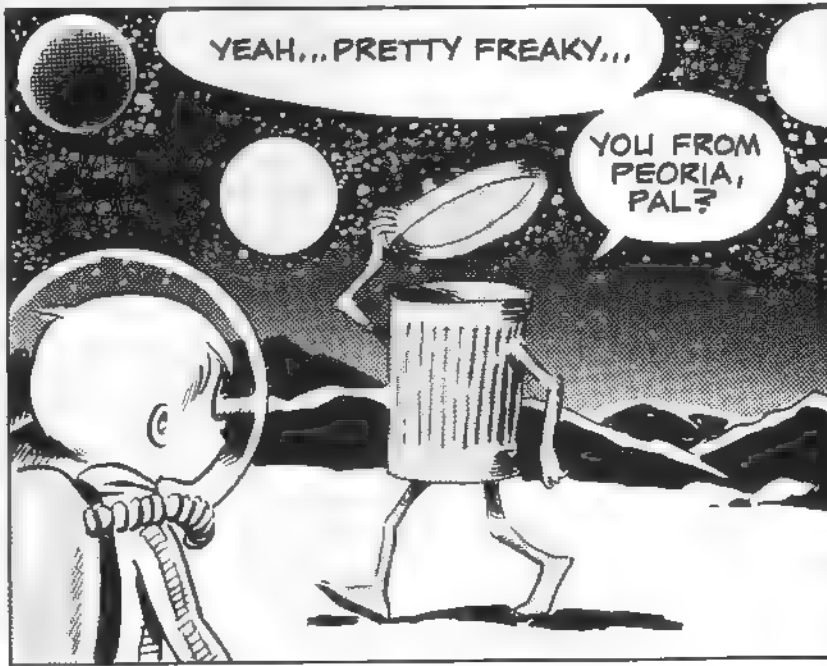
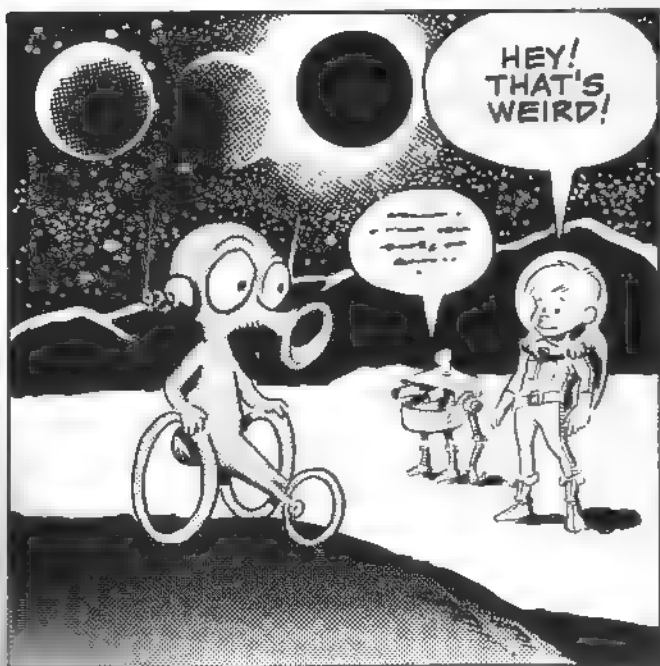
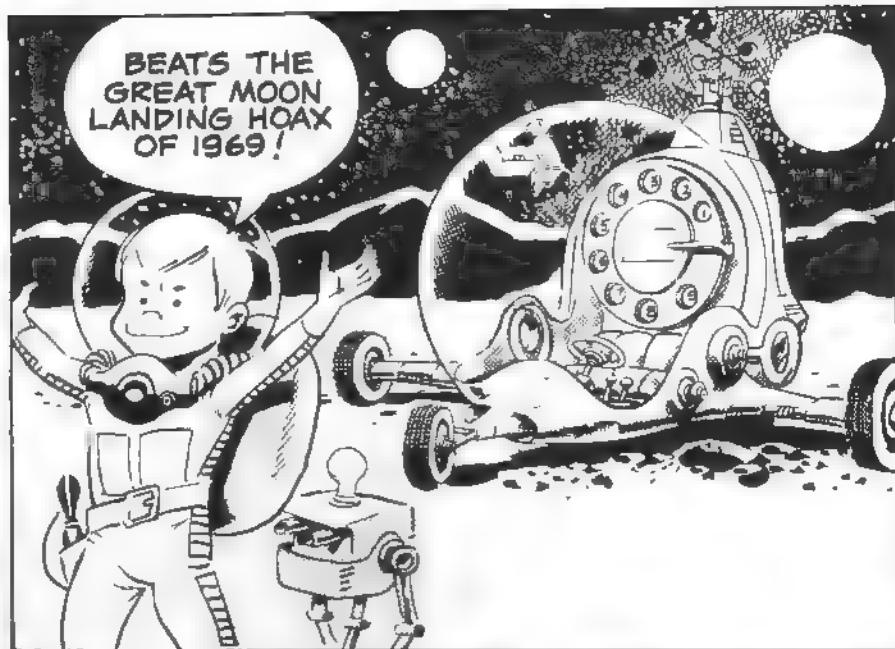
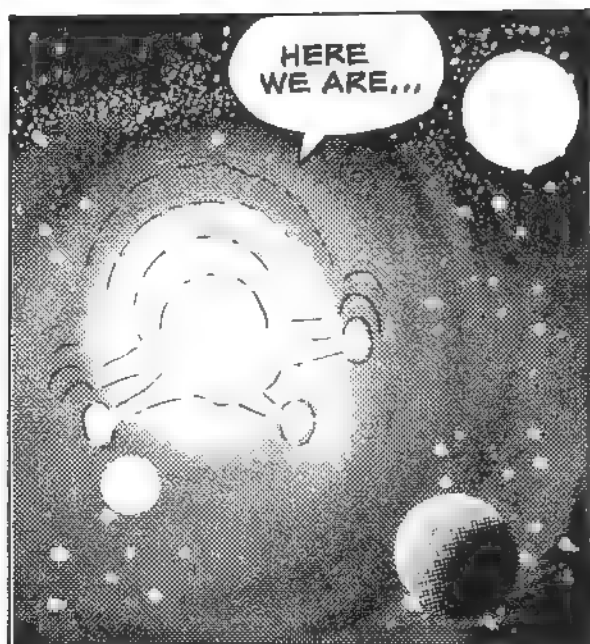


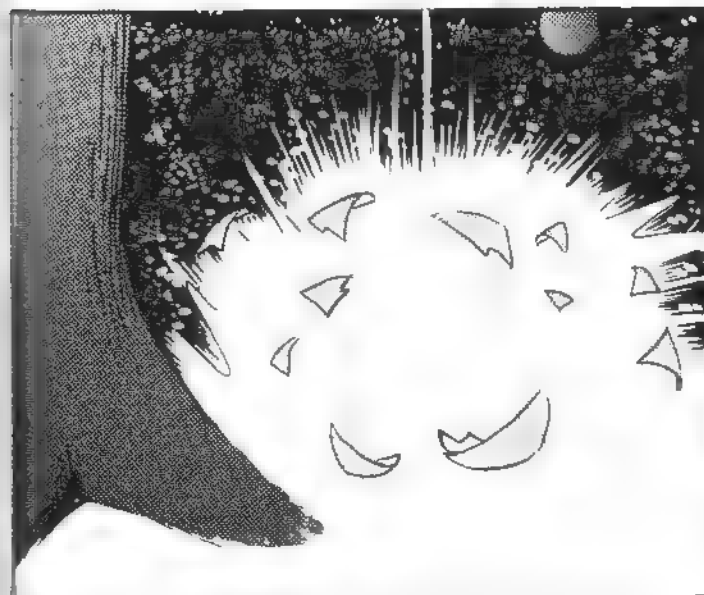
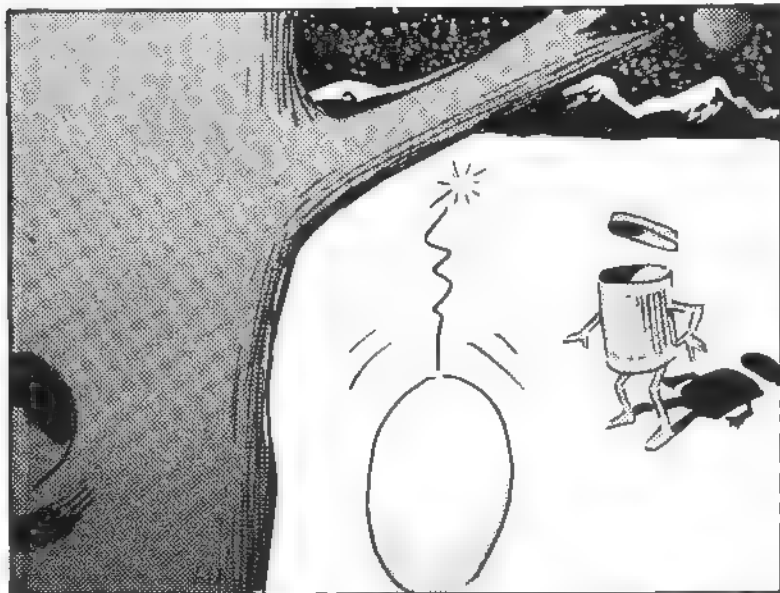
AND IS OBSERVED
BY BUCKY RUCKUS
AND IRON MYRON.

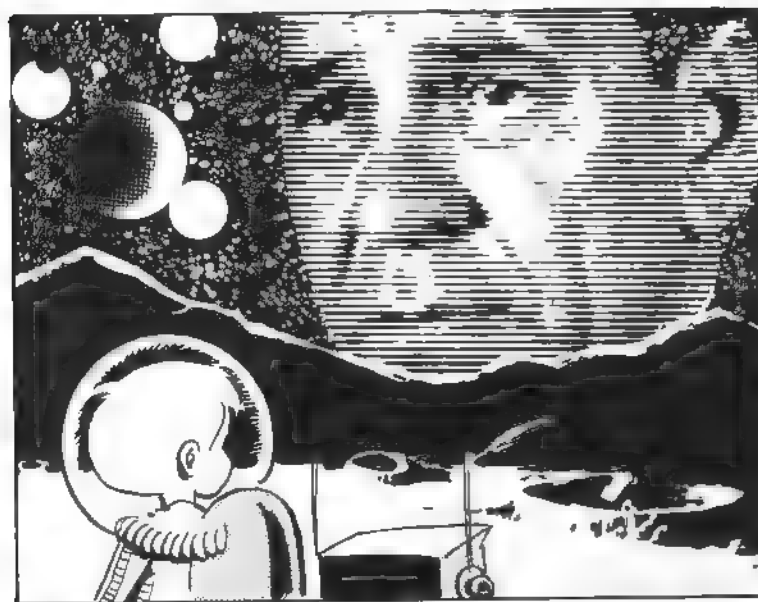
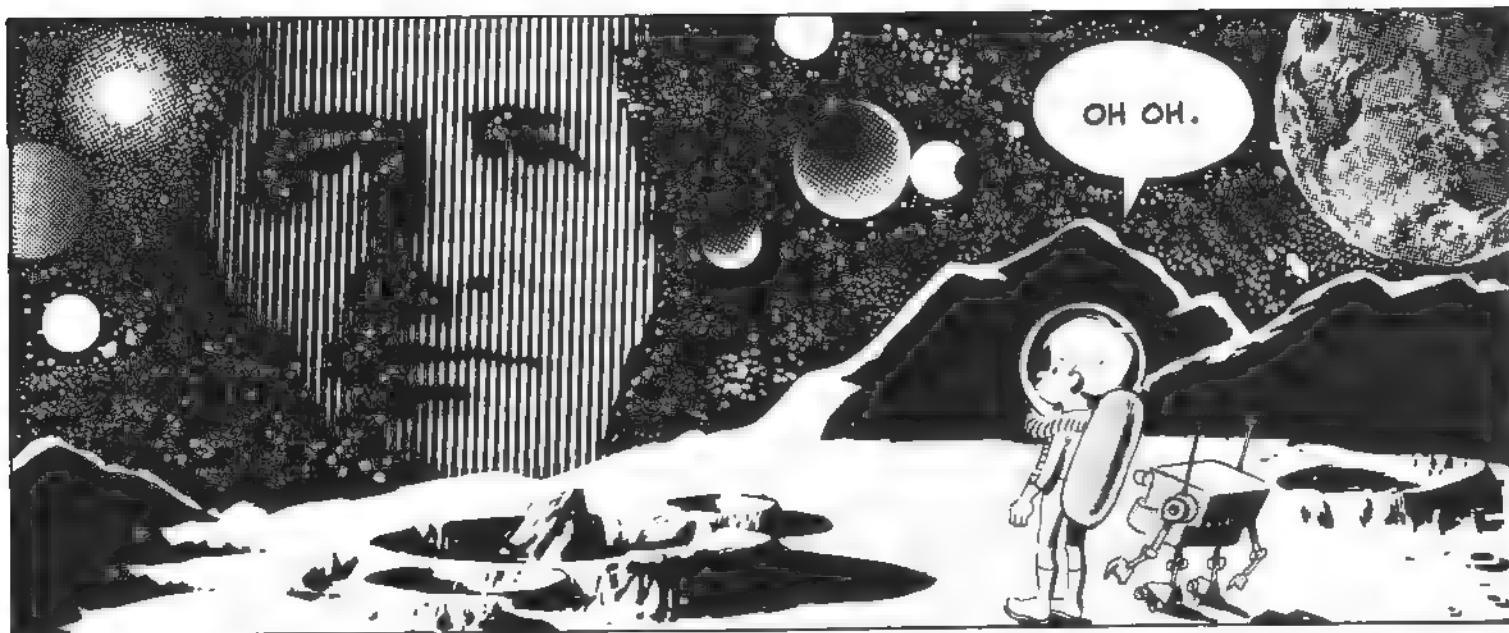


SPACE, THE FINAL FRON-
TIER... STARDATE
1981.5... THE CRAFT
BEARING OUR TWO
INTREPID PROTAGONISTS
ENTERS NORMAL SPACE
IN THE VICINITY
OF THE MOON...

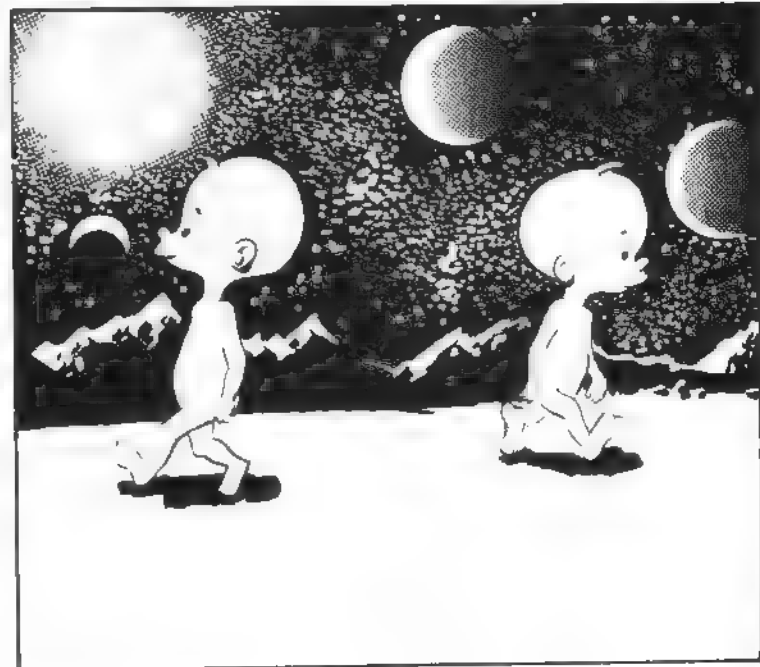
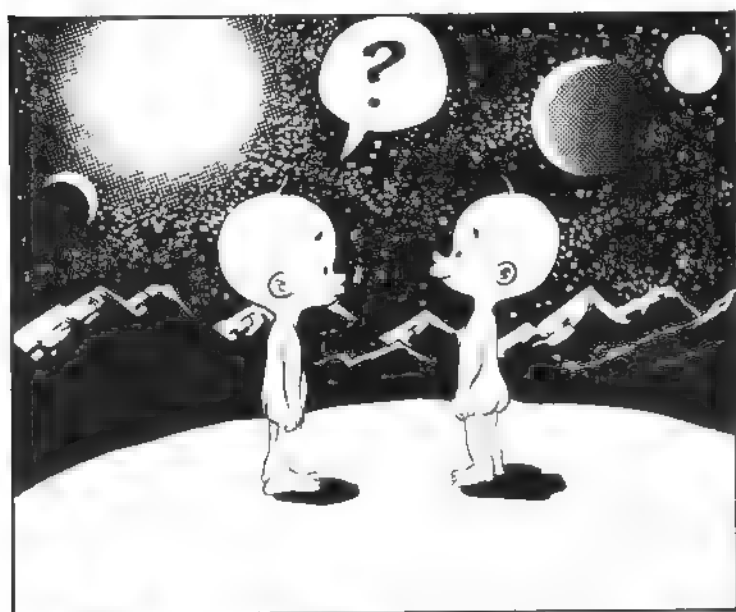
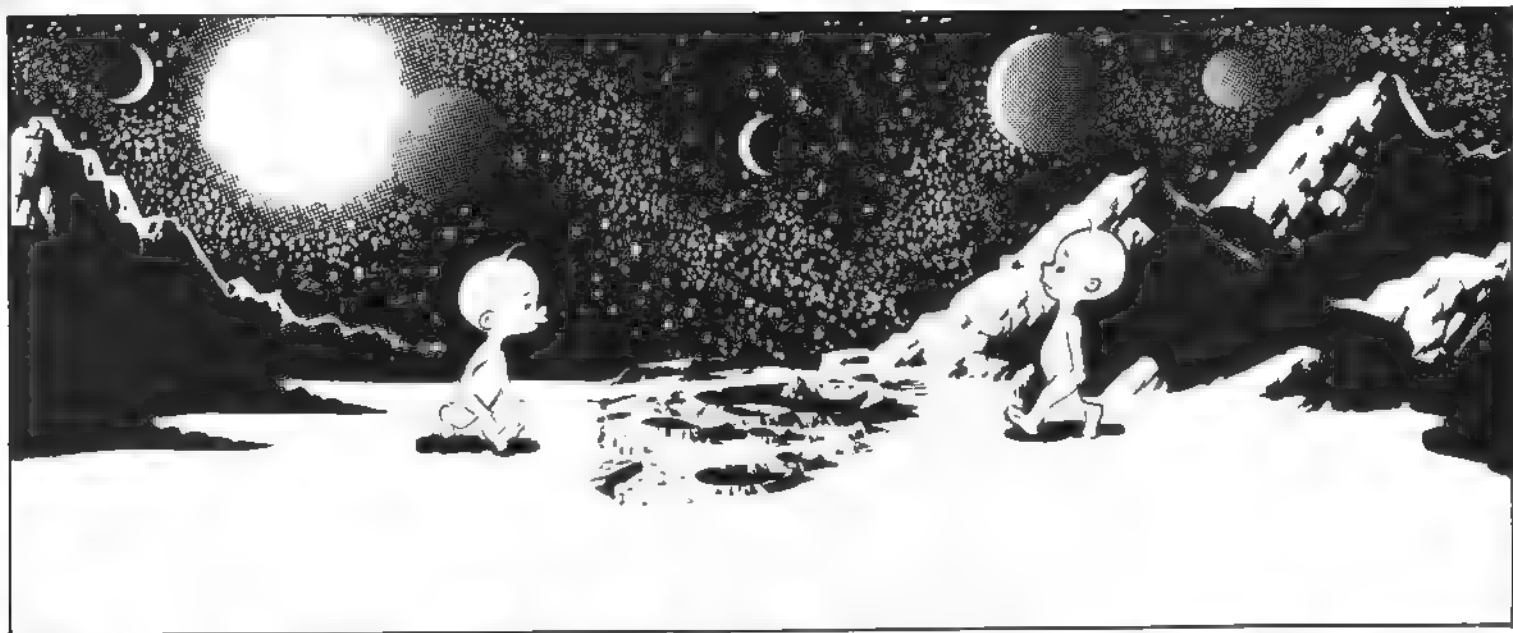


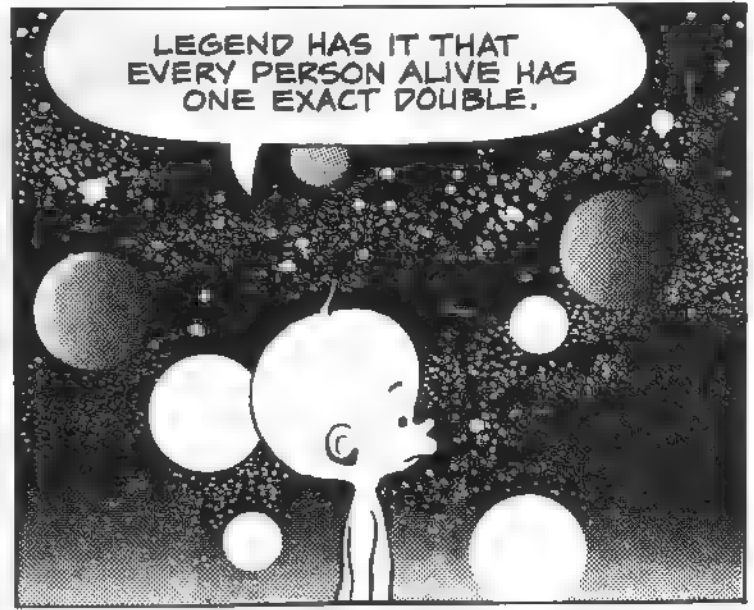
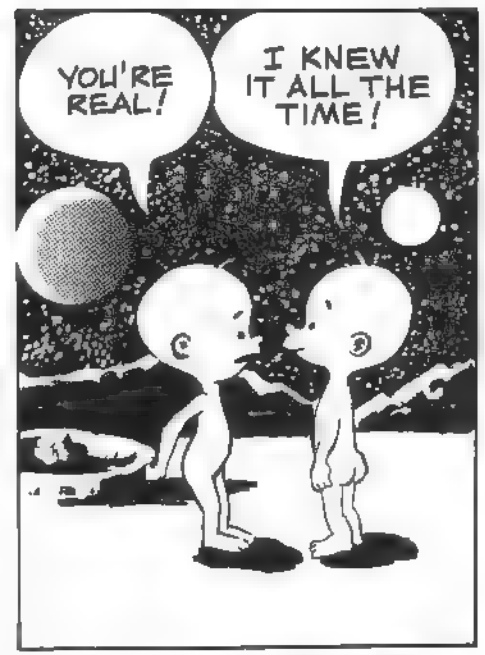
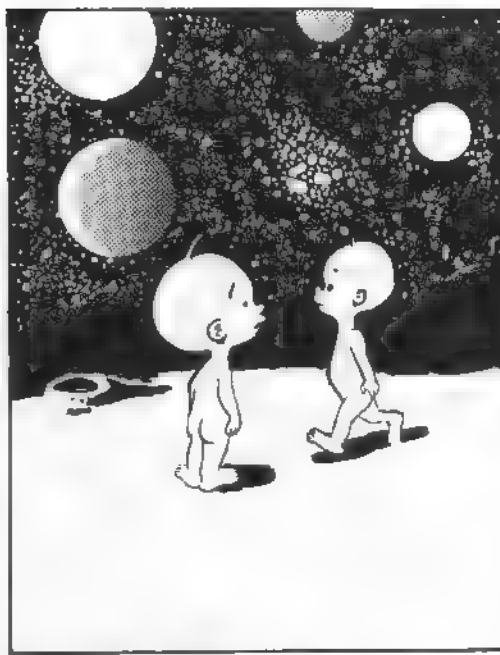


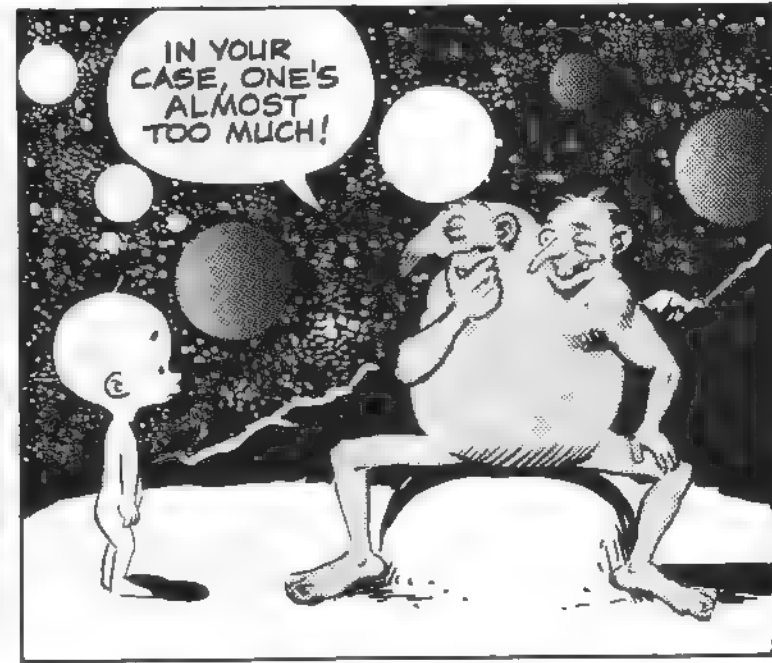
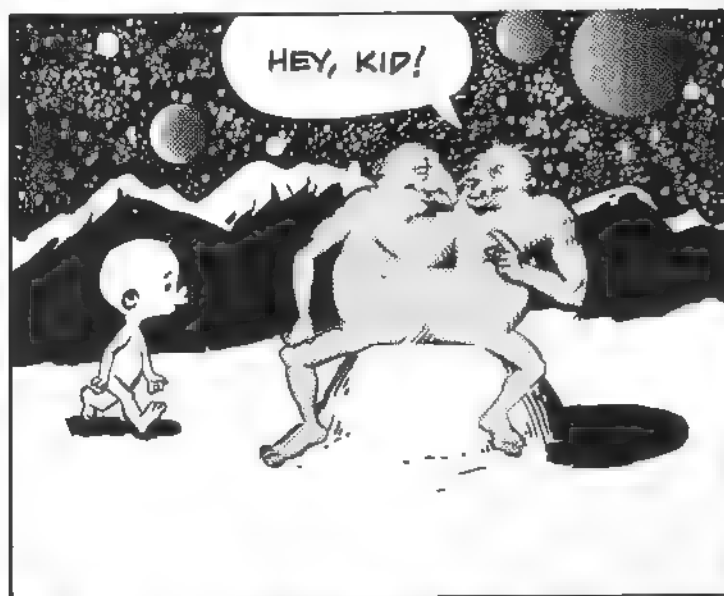














MEANWHILE, THE RUSSIANS HAVE LANDED.



AFTER THEIR VODKA RUNS OUT,
THEY GET HOMESICK...

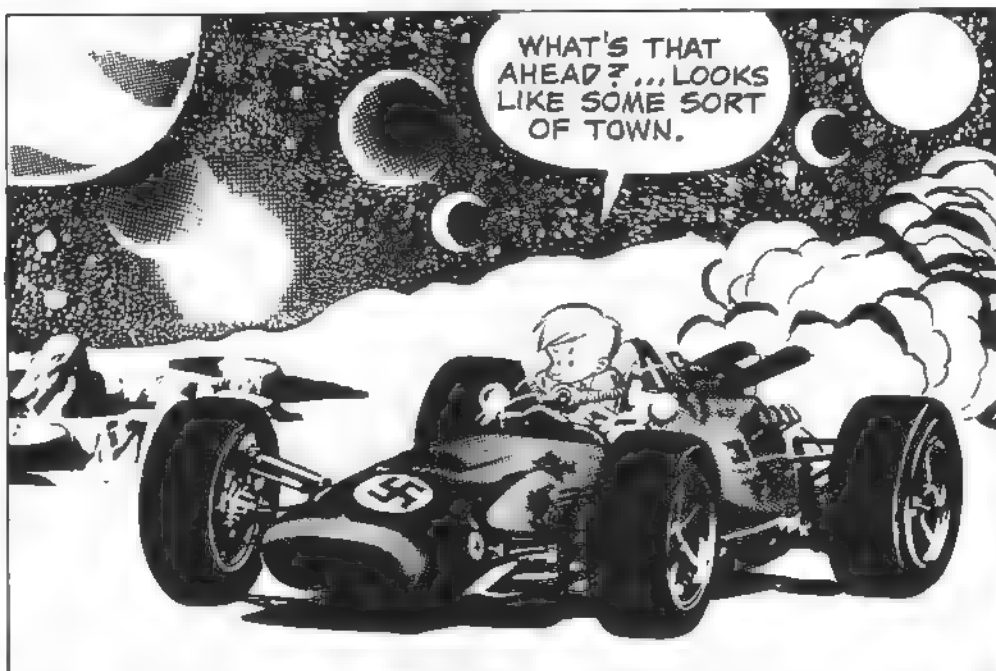


TAKE ME
HOME, BORIS!
I'VE GOT THE
HEEBIE
JEEBIES!

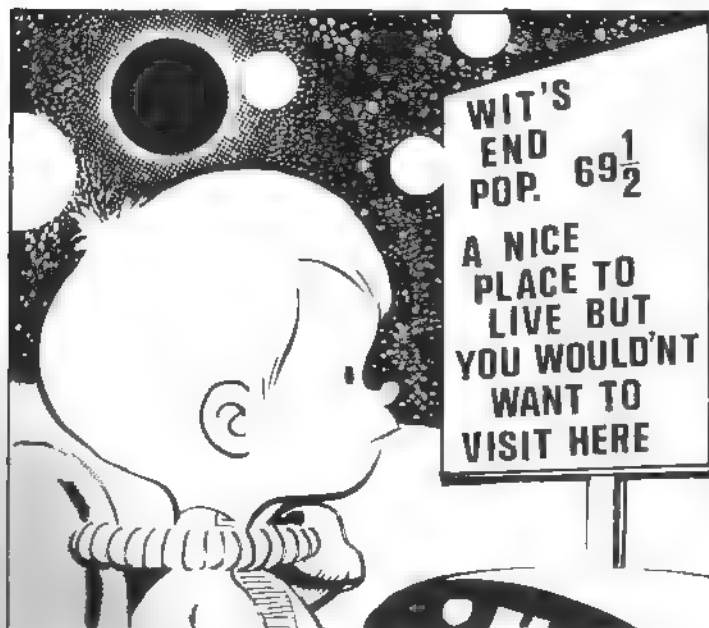
WELL, AT LEAST
THEY LEFT ME
THIS NEAT
MOON BUGGY.



WHAT'S THAT
AHEAD? ...LOOKS
LIKE SOME SORT
OF TOWN.



WIT'S
END
POP. 69 $\frac{1}{2}$
A NICE
PLACE TO
LIVE BUT
YOU WOULDN'T
WANT TO
VISIT HERE

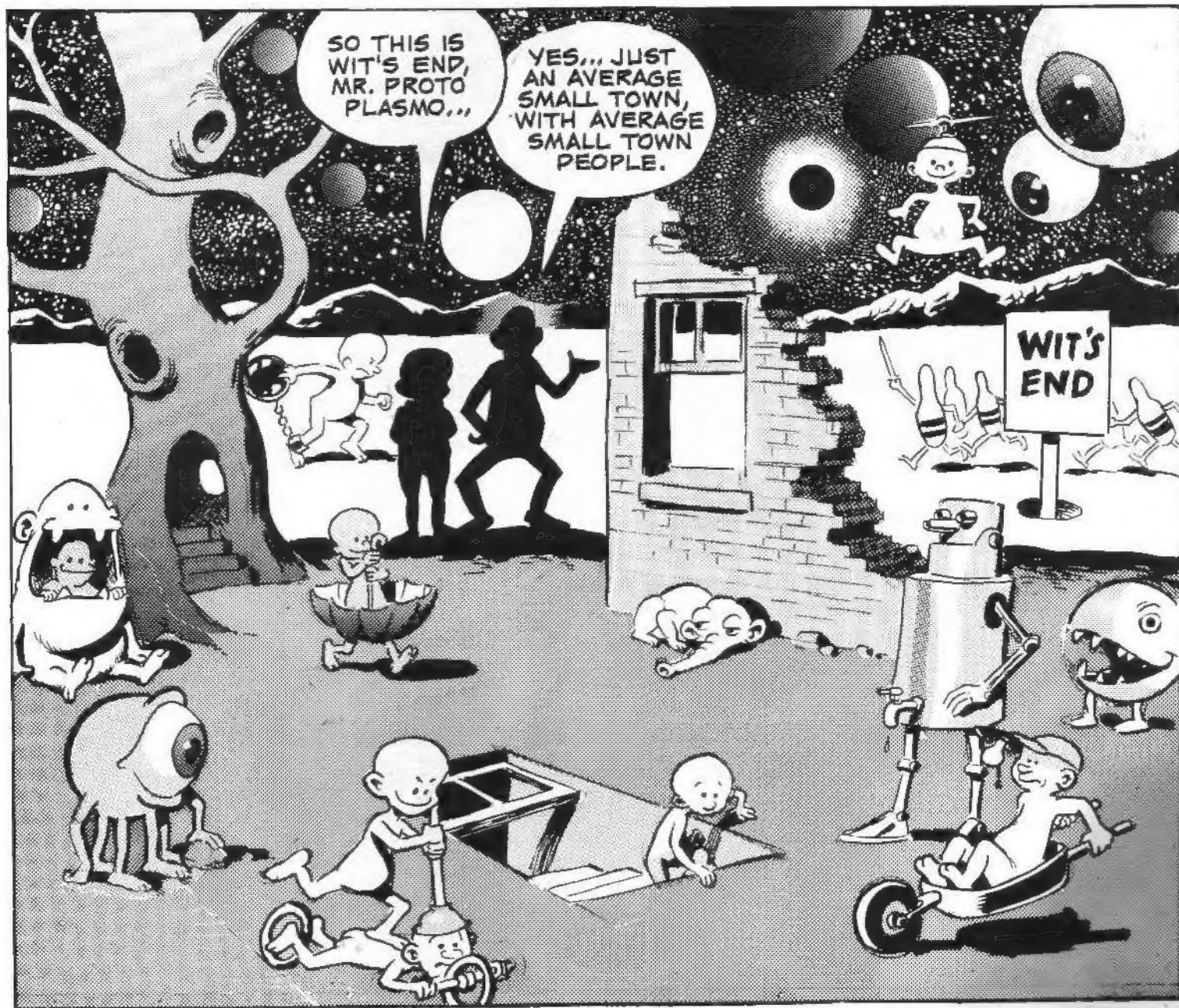
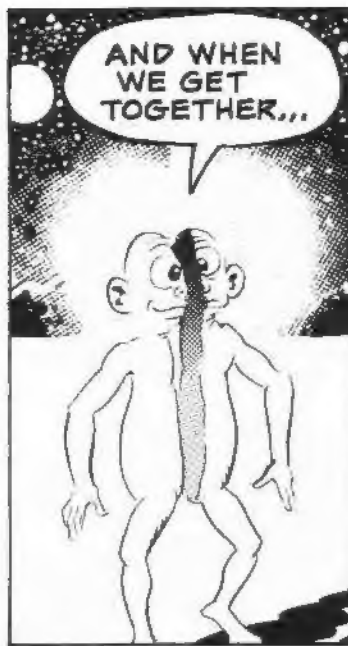
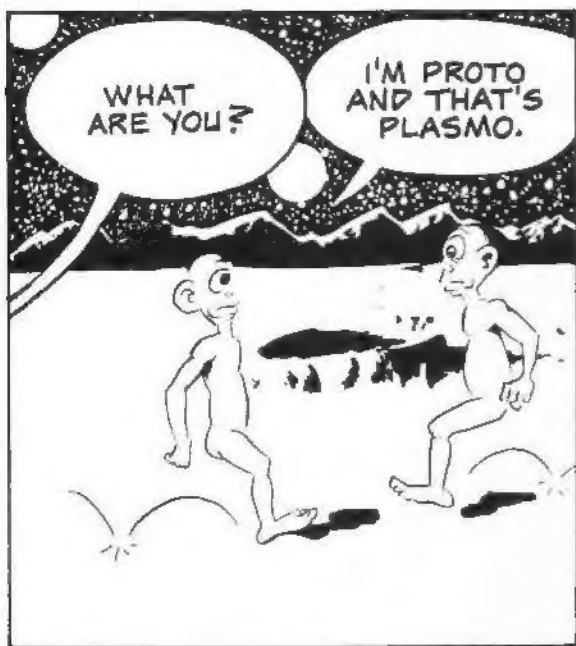


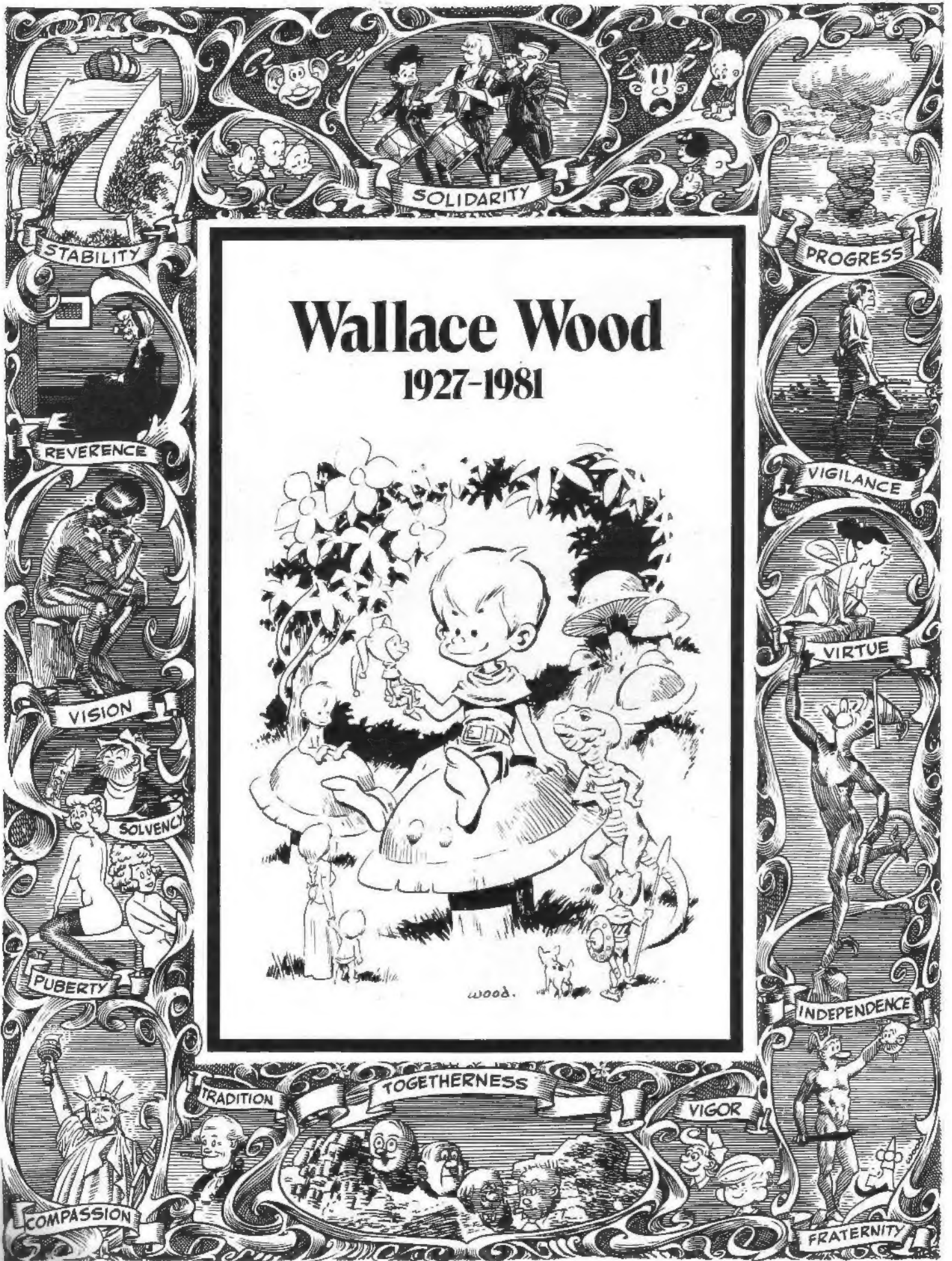
$\frac{1}{2}$?



OH.







Wallace Wood

1927-1981





"Marianne, did you break my favorite walking stick?!"

witzend

